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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1768, and is now in its hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Being so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

CITY EXPENSES

The total appropriations recommended by the Committee of 25 for the coming year amount to one million four hundred twenty-two thousand six hundred and thirty-five cents, which is one hundred seventy-four thousand three hundred sixty-one dollars and fifty-nine cents larger than last year, and by many thousands larger than ever before, being nearly double that of 1906, when this charter under which we are living was adopted. The amount to be raised by taxes the coming year is two hundred thirteen thousand six hundred and five dollars and eighteen cents more than in 1920. Of the total sum recommended, the salaries of the city officials and employees amount to five hundred twenty-nine thousand two hundred seventy-four dollars and fifty-nine cents. This amount is practically two fifths of the entire appropriation. There are on the regular salary roll outside the police department, public schools and highway department, some seventy-five persons drawing salaries. This number is nearly three times that of 1906. The total bonded indebtedness of the city is one million six hundred ninety thousand dollars, which is some six hundred thousand dollars more than in 1906. Truly we seem to be travelling at a rapid pace in the expense line.

NEWPORT ALMANACS

Newport has been the center of Almanac publication for many years. The present Mercury Almanac began its publication in 1876, making forty-five years of publication under one management. The oldest Newport Almanac in our possession bears date 1734 and was, we presume, printed by James Franklin, though the name of the publisher is torn off from the title page. We have before us an interesting "Almanac for the Year 1796" printed in Newport by Henry C. Southwick & Co., three doors south of the Liberty Cap Coffee House. Does anyone know that location? We have also before us Almanacs for 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, printed at Newport by Oliver Farnsworth. There have in other years been other almanacs published here of which we have not the list. No other almanac, however, has been so long published under one management, as has the present Mercury Almanac. This Almanac has come to be a household requirement in thousands of families, in Newport and vicinity. Few Newport families would be able to keep house without recourse to the valuable information to be found in its pages.

Although the school department had been hoping to be able to resume operations in the old Rogers High School building with the reopening of the schools after the Christmas vacation, it has been decided to wait until the beginning of the next term before attempting to move in. While a part of the work has been finished there is still considerable to be done, and there would be much confusion in attempting to hold classes there before the workmen are out of the building.

The insurance adjusters have been in Newport this week to settle the losses on the buildings and contents of the Standard Wholesale Grocery. Settlement was made on the basis of a total loss. Although some of the property was salvaged and turned back to the owners by the insurance companies, the actual loss to the owners will be very large.

OPPOSED TO MEMORIAL

Although the committee of 25 of the representative council has voted to recommend an appropriation of \$40,000 for the purchase of Miantonomi Hill as the site for a memorial to the heroes of the World War, there will doubtless be a determined effort at the council meeting next Monday to change the plan. There has been a distinct difference of opinion between the memorial committee and some of the war veterans as to what form the memorial should take. The committee has planned to purchase the park, fence it and erect a handsome column as a memorial, plans for which have been tentatively approved. On the other hand, many of the World War veterans and members of other veteran organizations are strongly in favor of a memorial home which could be used as headquarters for all the veteran societies of the city. Although the home project may not be feasible today, many feel that a permanent memorial might be erected on the Hill at a comparatively small expense, including a tablet bearing the names of the men who gave their lives. An argument advanced in favor of this plan is that many relatives and friends desire to place floral tributes on days of special significance, as is now done on the City Hall lawn, and that a memorial at Miantonomi Hill would be very inaccessible.

At the meeting of the council next Monday strong efforts will be made by some of the veterans who are members of the council to secure a modification of the present plan. It is understood that no objection will be raised to the actual purchase of the land on the Hill as the site for a park to be developed at some time in the future when money conditions are more favorable, but it will be suggested that the expense of fencing and otherwise developing the land be left for the present. Of the money thus saved, it will be suggested that an appropriation be made for a memorial on the Hill, removing the present bandstand and erecting a suitable structure there with a permanent tablet.

The veterans feel that with two projects for memorials under way, one is certain to fall to the ground and both may. The veterans intend, some time in the future, to go ahead with the plans for a memorial building, and if, at the same time another committee is soliciting funds for a memorial column they feel that there is bound to be a conflict of interests. On the other hand, the veterans have no objection to the purchase of Miantonomi Hill by the city as an excellent site for a future park.

It is possible that a strong debate may develop at the council meeting, as the Memorial Committee is very strongly in favor of its plan and has secured the endorsement of the committee of 25.

CITY INAUGURATION

The new city government will be inaugurated with the customary ceremonies at noon on Monday next, when the representative council will be called to order by City Clerk Fullerton, who will swear in the new members. The first business will be the election of a president and Mr. Thomas B. Congdon will undoubtedly be re-elected, as will the present City Clerk, Mr. F. N. Fullerton. The Mayor and board of aldermen will then enter the council chamber, and Mayor Mahoney will take the oath of office for the third time and will then administer the oath to the members of the board.

After prayer by the Chaplain of the day, Rev. Edward A. Higney, Mayor Mahoney will deliver his inaugural address. The council will probably take a recess, possibly for an afternoon session and perhaps until evening. The real interest of the meeting will come at the evening session, when officers will be elected for the year. At this time, there seem to be fewer contests in sight than for a number of years and it is possible that the elections may go off with more speed. Practically all of the present incumbents are candidates for re-election, and as the council has seldom made it a practice to turn out a man simply because someone else wants his job, outside aspirants have become somewhat discouraged.

This has been a week of Christmas entertainments, and most of the Sunday Schools of the city have had trees for the benefit of the children. In some instances very pretentious little plays have been produced by members of the Sunday School classes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott spent the holidays in Brookline with Mrs. Elliott's sister.

KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE

Mrs. Laura P. Sisson, widow of Winfield S. Sisson, was knocked down on Broadway Monday evening and seriously injured that she died within a short time after her removal to the hospital, and her companion, Mrs. Parker L. Thurston, who was struck at the same time, is still at that institution in a serious condition. The accident was due to the heavy rain which prevented the women from seeing an approaching automobile and also obscured the vision of the driver of the car.

The accident occurred early in the evening, when Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Sisson had stepped into the road to stop an approaching trolley car on their way to a Christmas entertainment. It was raining at the time and their umbrellas were probably raised in such a way as to prevent their seeing what was approaching. Miss Dorothy W. Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Clarke, was coming in Broadway in her Studebaker sedan, and the rain on the glass windshield undoubtedly impaired the vision so that she could not see the two women until she was actually upon them. Both were knocked down, and it was realized at once that they were seriously injured. Persons in the vicinity placed Mrs. Sisson in Miss Clarke's car and she was hurried to the hospital, while Mrs. Thurston was taken in another car to the same institution.

Miss Clarke has been completely prostrated since the accident and has been under the constant care of a physician. According to reports there is no evidence of careless driving, but the weather conditions seem to have been wholly to blame for the unfortunate fatality.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

The New Year begins today and it will be ushered in at midnight with the usual noisy greeting from bells and whistles. The day will be a legal holiday and many places of business will be closed throughout the entire day while others will remain open. Coming so soon after Christmas there seems to be little need for having another holiday so soon. The banks and public offices and most of the provision stores will be closed throughout the entire day.

Many of the churches held special watch night services on Friday night and many private and public gatherings were held to usher in the New Year.

It is hoped that the year 1921 will bring more prosperity to Newport than its predecessor. Under a Republican administration of the Navy Department it is believed that the Newport Station will receive the support which it is entitled to and which has not been accorded it by Josephus Daniels. If so, the prosperity of the city should increase very materially. It is not impossible, too, that the Chamber of Commerce may be able to bring about the beginning of a new hotel during the year, and may also attract new industrial activities here. The summer season offers opportunities for improvement, also, as the season of 1920 was not of the best, many of the large houses being closed for a variety of reasons. It is hoped that 1921 will bring increased prosperity.

There was a large sale of tickets for the Fun, Feast and Frolic given by the Drill Corps of Washington Commandery on Friday evening. A full turkey dinner had been arranged and professional entertainers from Boston had been secured to render a programme during the evening. Dancing was to follow the dinner.

The annual meeting and re-union of the Municipal Band will be held in Mercury Hall next Wednesday evening. Mayor Mahoney and the members of the board of aldermen will be guests of honor, and former President A. Livingston Mason, who is now living in Summit, N. J., is expected to attend.

The committee on recreations of the Chamber of Commerce as appointed by President Caesar consists of William Power chairman, Dr. Francis A. Corbett, Dr. Seth DeBols, James A. Dwyer, Charles F. Gifford, Joseph J. Kirby, William A. Peckham, George Reagan and William P. Sheffield.

Considerable comment is heard on the street on the way the fire department handled the recent fire in the Standard Wholesale Grocery plant. Many who watched the fire feel that it should have been confined to the building in which it originated.

Steps have been taken to bring about a consolidation of the two local carpenters' unions, which will be effected next Monday.

JOSEPH GRAHAM

Mr. Joseph Graham one of Newport's older business men, died at his home on Mann avenue on Monday after a long illness. He was in his sixty-seventh year. Although a native of England he had made his home in Newport for many years, his family removing to this country when he was a mere baby. He was a son of the late Richard Graham, who was for a time assistant superintendent of the Newport Hospital.

Mr. Graham was for a number of years employed at Vernon's as an upholsterer, but left there to engage in business with Mr. Maurice Z. Lester, the firm continuing as Graham & Lester for about five years. When the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Graham started a business of his own, which he had since continued, being located at different places on Spring street, the present store being at the corner of Touro street. He was a skilled worker himself and had built up a successful business.

Mr. Graham was of a very companionable and genial disposition and had a host of friends. He was a Past Grand of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows and was also a member of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum.

He is survived by a widow, two sons, Messrs. Sidney S. and Benjamin W. Graham, who were engaged in business with him, and one daughter, Mrs. J. V. Jordan, wife of the proprietor of the New Cliffs Hotel.

CAPTAIN GEORGE E. SAGE

Captain George E. Sage, who had been a resident of this city for a number of years, died at his home on Washington street on Sunday after a long illness. He was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy and served in the Army until his retirement in 1900 on account of disability. He saw active service in the Philippines during the war, and in succession. Following his retirement, Captain and Mrs. Sage made their home in San Francisco, and were there at the time of the great earthquake, losing considerable property. They then came to Newport to make their permanent home, naming their Newport residence "Whatseleft."

Capt. Sage is survived by a widow, and one son, Mr. Darrow Sage of New York, who served as a lieutenant-commander during the World War.

WOMEN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB

The annual meeting of the Newport County Women's Republican Club will be held next Thursday afternoon when officers will be elected. The nominating committee has prepared two complete sets of candidates for each office and a ballot has been mailed to each member of the organization. These ballots are prepared somewhat after the manner of the Australian system, there being a place for a cross after each name in case neither of the candidates is acceptable to the voter. Although the ballots were distributed by mail they will have to be cast in person next Thursday. The two nominees for President are Mrs. Frank L. Powell and Miss Edith Wetmore, the latter having been president since the organization started.

The police have rounded up a group of boys who are charged with entering a number of houses in the summer residence section. Five places have already been located where entry had been made, and a careful investigation of other houses is being made to see if conditions are all right. The boys are all young. The oldest is just over 16 years and he is being held to await the action of the grand jury, while the others will have a hearing in the juvenile court. One of the houses entered was that of Mrs. James G. Wentz.

Mr. Jeter Augustus Jay, son of the late Augustus Jay, has been nominated by President Wilson as Minister to Roumania. Mr. Jay claims a legal residence in this city and has been in the diplomatic service for many years, having served as secretary of legations at a number of foreign points. His last service has been in Rome, having been secretary and counselor of the legation there for about four years.

The Bijou Theatre will be closed at once and will probably not re-open until late Spring. Some improvements will be made to the house while it is closed. One of the local managers of a Newport playhouse, who has been with the house for many years, has been released by the new syndicate.

The Gum Factory is closed for its annual inventory. It will reopen next week.

BAR ASSOCIATION DINES

The annual meeting and dinner of the Newport County Bar Association was held in the rooms of the Miantonomi Club on Monday evening, with a large attendance of members. Mr. Frank F. Nolan, president of the Association, was unavoidably absent on account of illness, and the vice president, Mr. Charles H. Koehne, presided. An excellent dinner was served, and later there were several interesting addresses. A general social time followed and the evening proved a most enjoyable one.

The old officers were re-elected—Frank F. Nolan president, Charles H. Koehne vice president, Hugh B. Baker treasurer, William P. Sheffield secretary. The executive committee consists of William R. Harvey, Max Levy and Cornelius C. Moore.

The new band of Kolah Grotto will render music at the Christmas entertainment for members and their families in Masonic Hall on Saturday afternoon. There will be a Christmas tree with plenty of gifts for the kiddies.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent) Berkeley Sunday School Hold Annual Christmas Tree Program

An enjoyable time was had by a large number of people who attended the annual Christmas tree and concert of the Berkeley Sunday School, which was held at the Berkeley Parish House. Christmas carols were sung by the school under the direction of Rev. I. Harding Hughes, who also offered prayers. The alms plate was passed by little Howard Conley, while the children on the stage sang "The First Noel."

Each child was presented with a tiny kewpie wrapped in red and green crepe paper, from the pack of Santa Claus, who was impersonated by Mr. J. E. Kline, who also dispensed presents from the tree assisted by Mr. Leroy S. Peckham. As each child came forward to receive the gift from Santa Claus, he placed an offering in the alms plate for the benefit of the children in the Near East.

Mrs. Augustus Lincoln, who has been ill at her home for several days, was taken to the Newport Hospital on Monday where she underwent an operation.

Miss Jane Barclay has returned to her home with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Chase after spending Christmas with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Barclay at Bridgeport, Conn.

Her sister, Miss Mary Barclay, spent Christmas with another brother, Mr. William Barclay, and Mrs. Barclay at Buffalo, N. Y., and has returned to Evanston, Ill., where she has a position as teacher in the schools there.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the President, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward.

Mrs. Vernon Dennis has returned to her home from the Newport Hospital with her little son.

Mr. Floyd Austin is spending a 10-days' vacation in Camden, N. J., with friends.

Envelopes were distributed to the various schools for contributions to the Near East Relief by Superintendent of Public Schools, Mr. Joel Peckham, a short time ago. Those returned to the teachers of the Berkeley School were found to contain \$23.18.

The L. A. K. D. held an important meeting recently with Mr. Harold Peckham presiding. One new member was elected and plans were made for a reunion to be held soon. The committee in charge are Messrs. Russell M. Peckham, Lloyd Peckham, Leroy Peckham, Lawrence Peckham and Harold Peckham.

The Christmas family reunion of the Coggeshall family was held at the home of Mr. Joshua Coggeshall.

A Christmas pageant "No Room in the Inn" was given by the young people of the Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Misses Elsie Peckham and Dorothy A. Peckham. The pageant showed four phases of the work done by the New England Deaconess Hospital. Carols were sung by Mrs. Edward E. Peckham and Mrs. Fred P. Webber, accompanied on the organ by Miss Sadie I. Peckham. A box for volunteer offerings for the Hospital was found to contain \$100. Mr. Edward E. Peckham and Mr. George H. Irish assisted by several boys distributed gifts, and each child received a box of candy.

At the close of the business meeting of the Aquidneck Grange on Thursday evening an open session was held, to which the people of the town were invited and a good number attended. Mrs. Elsie A. Peckham had charge of the entertainment and Mrs. Adeb Saris, a native of Veleh, Mount Lebanon, Syria, gave a talk on her native country, its conditions and its people.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alden P. Smith was baptized last Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, by Rev. I. Harding Hughes. The sponsors were Mrs. J. E. Kline, Mrs. H. Stanley and Rev. Mr. Hughes.

Mrs. Jane Elizabeth Albro, widow of Mr. Joseph Freeman Albro, died on Monday at the Newport Hospital as a result of a wound in her hand caused by running a point of the scissors into it. This developed into blood poisoning, and it was feared

that her finger would have to be amputated, but it was deemed unwise. She became unconscious on Christmas Day and passed away in that state. Her niece, Mrs. Archibald Alty, was with her to the end.

Mrs. Albro was the only daughter and eldest of the five children of the late Nathaniel and Jane Peckham, and was born on Honeyman Hill on February 7, 1850. Her brothers were N. Horace Peckham of this town and Portsmouth; Mr. Herman Peckham of this town; Mr. Alvin Peckham of Jamestown; and Justin Peckham of Cold River, Conn., the last named being the only surviving member of the family.

Mr. Albro died about six years ago and their only child, Mr. Lester Albro, a number of years ago.

Mrs. Albro kept summer boarders at the big house near the East Shore as her parents had done. Many people of prominence have spent their summers there, among them being Rev. Latta Griswold, Rev. Henry Morgan Stone and Rev. John B. Diman. Mrs. Albro was of a cheerful disposition and was an active worker in the church, in early life at St. Mary's and later at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. She was for many years president of St. Columba's Guild and a choir member.

The funeral was held on Wednesday at 1 p. m. at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and the interment was in the family lot beside her husband.

Rev. Everett P. Smith preached his last sermon at St. Mary's Church last Sunday.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent) Christmas Festivities Observed at Churches

The annual Christmas tree and concert of the Christian Church was given on Thursday evening by the officers and scholars of the Sunday School. There was a good attendance and the program was well given although a number of those who were to take part were unable to be present on account of illness. The program was composed of singing, recitations, responsive readings and a prayer by the superintendent, Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden. At the close of the program the presents on the tree were distributed by Mr. Alonzo E. Borden, as Santa Claus.

The Methodist Church was prettily decorated with holly and red Christmas balls and two large trees well filled with gifts and decorations for the concert which was given there. The affair was well attended in spite of sickness. The program was made up of songs, recitations, and responsive readings. Benediction by the pastor, Rev. Mrs. Kathryn Cooper, concluded the exercises after the gifts were distributed from the tree.

Miss Annie R. Almy of New York spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Almy.

Mr. Philip L. Peckham of Sherburne and Boston has been spending the holidays with relatives and friends in this town.

Mrs. Laura P. Sisson, who was killed in an automobile accident in Newport, was a native of this town. She was born at the Peckham homestead on Union street and spent her early life there. Her husband, Mr. Winfield Sisson, who died several years ago, was also a native of this town, and owned a nursery of young trees and shrubs on Middle Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman have had as guests for the holiday season their sons, Messrs. Louis and Norman Tallman, of Readville, Mass.

Rev. Mrs. Kathryn M. Cooper has gone to New Bedford where she is guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Rev. and Mrs. John H. Newlands.

Mr. Albert L. Purcell, of Davenport, Iowa, is spending two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purcell.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase have returned from a visit to Providence, where they have been guests of their son, Mr. George B. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Baxter of New London, Conn., have been spending the holidays with Mr. Baxter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Baxter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Frank Hall have had as guests their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hall and their two children, of Taunton, Mass.

The annual Christmas tree and Sunday School service of St. Mary's Sunday School, was held in the church on Tuesday afternoon. The scholars from the Holy Cross Sunday School were also present, as a joint service is held for the two schools.

The quarantine has been removed from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ailton P. Sherman, where two of their children, Miss Ruth E. and Master Ailton P. Sherman, have been ill with scarlet fever.

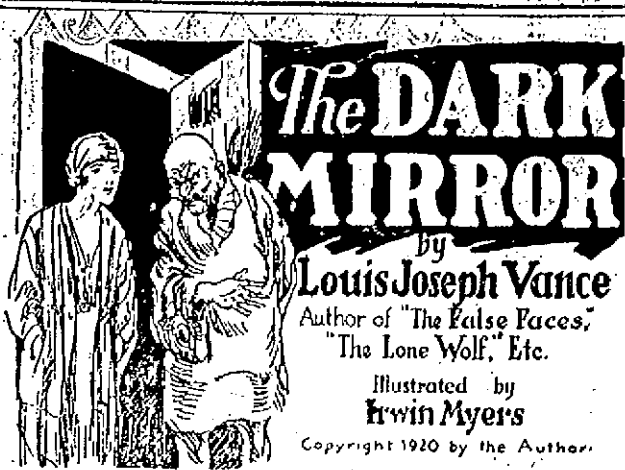
Miss Mary Cotta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Cotta, is ill with scarlet fever at their home at the Winfield Sisson place on Middle Road. Miss Hope Manchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Manchester, who is also ill with it is reported as improving.

Two of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whitworth of Sprague street are ill with scarlet fever.

Mr. Gideon W. Almy is having some improvements made at his home on Glen street.

Master Allston Clarke has been ill and under the care of a physician.

Mrs. George H. Draper is suffering with a severe attack of tonsillitis.



The DARK MIRROR

by Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by Erwin Myers

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CHAPTER TEN

The Day of Reckoning.

I. THE BUNGALOW.

On entering the living room she heard a clock strike. Immediately she paused, counting.

Eight chimes died singly in the scented evening hush; but she did not stir, her pose remained that of one arrested sharply in some act of charming stealth, so delicately poised in apprehensiveness she seemed scarcely to touch the floor. The room was quiet, dim with shadows, but for herself unattended.

A slight sound drew her attention. She discovered a dining room beyond the living room. Soft-footed, a Japanese boy in white linen appeared, carrying two candelabra of three branches each, and vanished after placing them upon the round dining table, where their rich light fell softly on lustrous napery, burnished silver, an iridescent bowl of cut glass filled with burning roses.

She remarked that there were places set for two.

Her regard reverted to the living room. She thought it delightful in every detail of its unpretentious luxury. Riches alone could never have created it. The wood fire ready laid in the fieldstone fireplace would presently be grateful; already there was a hint of chill in the aromatic, rare air of the hills.

She moved aimlessly to the middle of the room and paused again. A long breath sighed on her lips. As she turned, uneasily toward the veranda, duplication of the gesture made her aware of a mirror on the wall opposite. She inspected herself gravely.

She had looked up without a shadow of doubt upon her understanding; she recalled without a break every link in the chain of events which had brought her to this place; she was acutely conscious of her anomalous position in this household, profoundly disturbed.

A remote knocking noise crept into the stillness of the evening so gradually that she noted it without any astonishment; but when, gaining in volume, it became recognizable as the sustained growl of a motorcar rapidly climbing the mountain road, she began to tremble.

The car swept swiftly across the far side of the clearing, swung into the drive that led to the garage, and disappeared. The throbbing of its motor was stilled. Impatient footsteps sounded on the gravel walk.

Her body was vibrating now like a reed. Almost the impulse was more strong than her will, to fly back to her bedchamber, lock herself in, refuse to see or speak to him.

How could she face him and tell him the truth? How break his heart? And not his alone.

Running up the steps to the veranda he saw her waiting in the shadows and cried out to her in the name of Leonora. She could not reply. Mental rehearsal of what her attitude at this meeting should be proved valueless. She had meant to guard against his arms with a respect, an authority, which must command respect and win her time enough to tell him; she was captive and powerless before she could lift a hand or articulate one syllable of protest. The passion of his kisses, the murmuring of his voice were overpowering. The quickened tumult of her pulses was like the storming of a strong surf. She loved him.

Stunned, breathless, quivering, humiliated, she found that she had some how contrived to put him from her. The pained perplexity in his gaze cut like a knife. She turned aside, that she might not see.

"Forgive me," he begged. "I have been inconsiderate, thoughtless, in the joy of having you restored to me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she interrupted. "You've done nothing that wasn't right and natural. Only... Oh! How can I make you understand?" He gave a helpless gesture. "Tell me what you wish me to understand. I will try. I love you so."

Touched, she sought to smile kindly through her tears. "Give me a moment," she pleaded tremulously, hands busy with the disarray of her hair—"give me a little time, Mario."

The mellow booming of a tubular gong sounded. Mario turned, impatiently. Bowing and smiling, the Japanese boy stood in the entrance to the dining room.

"Dinner is served." By a resolute effort she succeeded in composing face and manner. Mario maintained an inquiring attitude, differential, puzzled, hurt. Somehow she mustered a smile that only mystified him the more.

"Do something for me, Mario..." "You know, you need but ask."

"Let us have dinner. I think—I'm sure I'm hungry. And let us not talk during dinner; let's pretend nothing has happened. Afterward, I promise you..."

"But it shall be as you wish—of course!"

II. THE IMPOSSIBLE.

She thought: never was there a

meal more difficult, consumed under stranger circumstances in an atmosphere of greater constraint, never had two people broken bread together having more to say to each other and leaving more unsaid.

Opposite her, Mario barely tasted the dishes set before him. The careworn eyes in that dark, ascetic face watched her constantly if covertly. If she looked up from her plate, he dissembled studiously, his smile flashed eagerly. She was none the less conscious of his anxious expression when she was not looking—aware and distressed.

"You slept well?" he inquired.

She smiled: "Famously!"

"I am glad. You show the benefit. I think you are even more beautiful than you were, more pale, perhaps, but—how does one say it—spiritually. But it may be I am not a fair judge; tonight I am so happy, I see all things couleur de rose."

His lean brown hand stole across the cloth to cover hers for a moment. "And you—are you not glad, dear, to be home with me once more?"

She said, with difficulty, in a low voice, looking down at her plate:

"I am glad to be with you, Mario."

It was true: in spite of everything, she was strangely glad. But it was wrong of her to say so.

"I myself slept till noon," he volunteered. "Then I waited and waited for you to wake up, but you were sleeping like a child, you never stirred; one had not the heart to disturb you. Then, when it got so late, and I could no longer put off going down into the valley, I gave Martha instructions not to leave your bedside till I returned or you awakened."

She wondered: "Why?"

"I was afraid, I dared not leave anything to chance. One could not foretell in what condition you would wake up. If anything had happened..."

I think another disappearance would have driven me insane!"

She avoided his eyes, and asked, rather mechanically, more to say something than out of desire to know:

"Why did you have to go down into the valley?"

"To telegraph New York and call off the detectives I had employed to look for you. Also to tell the villagers you were safely found, and thank them. They were most kind, those good people; fully half a hundred of them stayed up all night with me, while we searched the woods; and though many had not had a wink of sleep, they were still searching yesterday afternoon when I despaired and determined to seek you in New York."

There concluded of the sad fatality of that search, she was too deeply distressed in wonder why he could not have telephoned to the village.

The Japanese served their coffee in the living room. It was now quite dark, and the air though sweet was keen. The fire was burning hot, and the windows and door were not closed; and the faintly acrid smell of wood smoke blended pleasantly with the pungent perfume of the plumes.

Mario placed an easy chair for Priscilla, made it easier with cushions for her back and head, offered her cigarettes—and showed surprise when she refused them—lighted one for himself and threw it away half smoked, and knelt down beside her chair, resting his elbows on his arm and capturing one of her hands.

She tried to steel herself against the weakness of the flesh, the protests of her affections, the enervation of her sympathies, reminding herself she must be cruel to be kind. But it was terribly hard to hurt him as she must. It wasn't as if she didn't care.

The mere contact of his hand thrilled her heart to a faster tempo, quickening breath and pulses, affected all her being with tremors of fear and gladness, made her infirm and weak of purpose. She had for him only a pathetic apology for a smile, a forlorn little shake of her head.

A deeper concern shadowed his face. He asked tenderly: "What is it, dear? You must tell me."

"It's going to be so hard," she said reluctantly, "to say what I must, I can't think how to begin, except in the bluntest way."

"Do not be afraid. Tell me frankly how I have failed you, in what respect I have fallen short."

"But you haven't!"

"Then what it was I did to make you run away from me?"

"I'm sure you could have done nothing."

"Still, you ran away!"

"No—I didn't."

He remonstrated sharply: "Leonora!"

"I'm not," she declared desperately. "I'm not Leonora."

"What?"

"I am not your wife, Mario."

"Leonora!" "Is dead. She was killed day before yesterday."

"Are you out of your mind? Or am I?"

"Please listen—don't make it any harder than it is. Carnehan murdered Leonora while you were away. In town. You see, he wasn't killed in the fire, after all—he's alive. The identification of the body as his was a mistake—or a ruse to further his escape. I saw him last night. He was in that place."

"I know Carnehan is not dead. But what is this nonsense you are trying to tell me?"

She repeated: "He killed Leonora. He met her."

The man gave a gesture of exasperation. "But one of us is mad!"

"No, Mario," she said gently—"Neither of us."

"But I see you—with my own eyes!"

"But one of us is mad!"

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you do not know me, how is it you know me so well? When, suspecting the truth—but never how hideous it was—I followed you back to New York yesterday; when I tramped for hours the streets where I had met and loved and wooed you and, as I thought, won your love; when at length I caught sight of Carnehan and dogged him from bar to bar, without his knowledge, until finally he cooled into that infamous place, and I, suspecting he might have had you imprisoned there, got a detail of police from the station round the corner; when we broke in, and I found you half-dead with fear, and you saw me and came running into my arms; when that happened—if you were and are not Leonora—how did you know who I was, how came you at sight to cry out my name, Mario?"

She begged his charity with clasped hands.

"If you will only listen, I can explain."

With a curt nod he consented, turned his back to the fire, folded his arms. His eyes held a sardonic gleam.

"I am listening."

She made impulsively to speak, but uttered never a sound. Her heart gave her. The story she must tell, if she were to explain, was even more preposterous than that which he was refusing to credit. It would only earn his deeper scorn. Her eyes turned blank, her face expressionless.

"I am waiting," he prompted.

"She looked away, and drooped, discouraged, despondent."

"Forgive me," she said in a weak voice. "After all, I hardly know how to explain. I can only ask you to be kind—believe me when I tell you I'm not your wife, not Leonora."

His eyebrows climbed. "Who, then, am I to believe you are?"

"My name is Priscilla Maine, I—I—"

"I know no person of that name."

"No; we never met—"

"Still, you are well enough acquainted with me to use my Christian name at first sight of me—without even the formality of an introduction!"

She confessed sullenly: "I can't explain. It's impossible. But what I have told you is true: I am Priscilla Maine."

"And you, whom I have never met—you tell me—you knew so much about me that you knew I had gone to New York, promising to return in time for dinner, leaving my wife alone with the servants; you knew she had disappeared. Perhaps you knew even better?"

Overlooking the sarcasm, she declared: "As well as I know myself."

"At last!"—he offered her an ironic bow—"something I can believe!"

"You can convince yourself," she suggested. "If you will get New York on long distance, call Murray Hill two-three-six-one, and ask for Mrs. Trowbridge."

"Well, what then?"

"She will tell you her niece, Priscilla Maine, has been missing since last night."

"And what, pray, will that prove?"

"You may listen while I talk with her. Her replies will prove I am Priscilla Maine."

He shrugged. "But you know very well there is no telephone within ten miles of this camp."

In consternation she dropped back into her chair and sat trying to think. Would it do any good to tell him the history of her dreams? Could she herself be convinced against her will by such a story?

The answer came from Mario.

"It is useless," he said wearily. "No; do not interrupt me. Say nothing more."

"But I must make you understand, I must!"

"No, Leonora: I already understand too well. You do not love me; and since you have found it difficult to escape me, you invent this cock-and-bull yarn to spare my feelings. A mistaken kindness. No matter: you make your wish clear. I am to believe you think you are not my wife. So be it; I will believe that, but I can do so only at a price."

"Tell me what you mean."

"If I am to believe that you believe you are not Leonora, I must believe that you are mentally deranged."

He pondered gravely: "It is possible terror and suffering have so worked upon you—"

"Mario!" she pleaded—"you can find out the truth if you'll take me to the nearest telephone—whether it's ten miles or fifty—now, tonight, in your motor car."

"It is too late. There good people hereabouts go early to their beds. Shall I disturb them for no purpose other than to honour a mad freak?"

"Then let me go—"

"Alone?"

"I'm not afraid."

"But I am afraid for you. Remember how I found you last night, in peril of your life. Shall I trust you again to run yourself into God knows what danger? You need not ask that of me, Leonora."

"What am I to do?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Compose yourself. Go to your room, rest quietly for tonight. In the morning, possibly, you will feel better, or possibly you will see how futile it is to try to deceive me: you will want, perhaps, to tell me the truth."

"I have told you nothing else!"

"Then confess to the whole truth: You do not love me."

She was dumb.

A gust of rage shook him violently. Standing over her with hot eyes in a blazing face he raised quivering arms as if tempted to strike her.

"Confess!"

"I can't," she said sadly.

The statement was like a slap to him, its sheer simplicity rendering it the more stupefying. He started, gaped, his arms fell, then rose to seize her shoulders.

"What did you say?" he demanded, his voice breaking. "You love me?"

She nodded with swimming eyes and the quivering mouth of a child. He tried to draw her to him, but she held back.

"No, Mario—please!"

"But you have just admitted that



"Confess!"

you still love me!"

She endured his gaze with an adorable bravery.

"I have always loved you—ever since Leonora loved you—and as well."

"Then you still insist—?"

"I am not your wife; I have never seen you before tonight except—"

She stammered into silence. If it were humanly possible to render the situation more impossible that it was, she could achieve that by rounding out the phrase that had died on her lips: "except in dreams."

"Except—?"

"Please don't ask me. I can't tell you—not tonight. Tomorrow, perhaps, Mario, please be kind to me now, let me go."

His hands fell away from her shoulders. "Perhaps you are right," he said heavily. "If this goes on, I myself must go mad!"

"Then be pitiful to me; be still more kind. Take me to New York tonight, take me to my aunt, Mrs. Trowbridge."

"What?" His tone changed again, becoming thick with resentment and suspicion. "You are at that again? Undecide yourself: it is useless. I cannot comprehend your motive. Not I forget, you are not yourself. You have not yet recovered, you need more rest. Go to your room, please. In the morning we will both be better able to continue this discussion—or you may have forgotten it, please God!"

She could not blame him, and yet...

"Do you mean this, Mario? You refuse to give me a chance to prove to you—?"

"Absolutely."

"If not tonight, won't you promise to take me to New York tomorrow—?"

"You will stay here until you come to your senses. I have a right to know the truth—and I will have it out of you if it takes a year—or a lifetime!"

He turned his back. She moved toward her door.

"Good night," she said. He made no answer. She went on.

Of a sudden, with a choking cry, he overtook and crushed her to him.

"Oh, my dear one!" he cried in agony—"to think what you have suffered to bring you to this pass!"

She was able to withhold response, to rest passive in his hold.

"You love me?"

She made no answer. With a hand beneath her chin, he lifted her face to his, but her look disconcerted him, he hesitated.

"Please, Mario; not my lips—not again tonight—not till we understand each other better."

He let her go. She found herself on the threshold of the bedchamber. She looked back. To see him standing where she had left him, his arms slack, his head fallen forward, chin to chest, crushed by his vast disconsolation—that wrung her heart.

But what must be, must...

III. THE CAPTIVE.

The key was on her side of the door. She was none the less a prisoner.

She knew, even as the door closed behind her, what she must do, and when. Her mind was made up to make good her escape before morning.

The mere suggestion was appalling. She dared not dwell long upon the difficulties it presented lest resolution weaken. To her own knowledge of her whereabouts, she was lost completely—going on Mario's information ten miles from nowhere. But there was a road; a road must lead somewhere. She was young and strong enough to walk ten miles if she must, farther at a pinch. And the occasion was extreme; she dared not let herself be deterred by any obstacle or any danger, real or fanciful.

She was too desperately in love...

She could hear Mario in the living room, pacing to and fro; she could picture to herself the man in the torment of his solitude for her, fretted by mystification and the feeling of frustration. She imagined that her pulses throbbed in time with those unheating, unresisting footfalls. The temptation to go out to him and comfort him was all but stronger than her instinct for self-preservation.

What did it matter whether Priscilla Maine survived or perished, so that he were not made unhappy?

After all, what did she care whether he loved her by this name or by that, so that he loved her?

Leonora was no more. Carnehan's confession had confirmed Priscilla's clairvoyant knowledge of her death. No harm would be done to any living soul if she took his love for Leonora and made it her own; Mario himself would not be wronged; for the dead could have loved him no better than the living did and would, and all his

madness would become gladness and his sufferings be assuaged.

Aware—though she denied it—of the abyss that yawned for her, she was constrained by sheer might of will to put away thoughts such as these.

She had needed to remind herself there could be no enduring happiness in a love that was won by fraud...

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SEEK TREASURE IN VIGO BAY

Company Under Spanish Grant Will Endeavor to Recover Some Hundred Million Dollars.

The largest amount of sunken treasure there is any record of lies at the bottom of Vigo bay, on the coast of Spain. Here a Spanish plate fleet of 17 great galleons and their escort of 23 warships were sunk 300 years ago by a combined fleet of English and Dutch war vessels.

There is no guesswork about the amount of treasure on board the galleons. It is matter of official record and is placed in the neighborhood of \$140,000,000, which at the time when there was very little money in the world had a purchasing power ten times greater than now.

Of this immense sum a little was landed, taken inland and saved. A few millions fell as spoil to the victors and the balance has served as a bait to draw adventurers from everywhere to Vigo bay. A heavily financed company even now, under a concession from the King of Spain, is trying to salvage the sunken galleons and their cargoes.

All in all, not more than 20 millions have been saved from the sea, including that landed, that captured and that reclaimed by the various firms to whom concessions have been granted during the last 300 years, so it is safe to say that at least 100 millions yet remain resting on the bottom of the bay, 17 shiploads of gold, silver and precious stones!

THESE SILKS NEED NO DYE

Louisiana Man Has Discovered Method of Making the Worms Color Their Own Product.

While the silkworm has no fancy for any particular color, preferring to weave its cocoon of a drab gray so that it will not show against a gray tree trunk, one man has discovered a method whereby he can make the little spinners produce any one of the 18 shades at his pleasure. The man is Dr. Yvettan K. Osgilan, son of a long line of silk manufacturers, and he has an extensive silkworm farm near New Orleans.

Osgilan has discovered that upon feeding the worms certain leaves they will respond by spinning certain colors. He has carried out his experiments until he has the 18 varieties of food to produce the like number of colors. The silk thus shaded will not fade in either water or sunlight. Not only has he secured colored silk, but in addition he has increased the cocoon in size until a single one provides 1,800 yards to a strand, and there are two strands to a cocoon.

The "Bolshevik Cocktail"

From the American Red Cross Bulletin of Riga: "Helsingfors.—You can tell a prohibition country by the weird and awful drinks they drink. Take Finland, for example. There they take vodka, 90 per cent, made from potatoes, not from grains, mix it with blue or huckleberry juice water, in the ratio of one to ten, and gulp down the result. It's the only way to get it down; to sip would be to give up altogether, both on account of the strength and the odor. American Red Cross dispensaries working with the Russian refugees use vodka under spirit lamps in place of alcohol.

"Near the border one gets the 'Bolshevik cocktail.' This is a combination of kerosene, vodka and ether. They run automobiles on it in soviet Russia, as gasoline is not to be had. The job of chauffeur is much sought after."

Paper Umbrella Out Soon.

An unusual novelty will be placed on the market soon in the form of a paper umbrella, the New York Sun states. It is said that this newfangled rain shelter will be a very satisfactory substitute for the traditional alpacas or silk. It will retail, for 50 cents, thereby cutting the cost of umbrellas down to a sum that should be considered distinctly nominal these days of the \$5 and \$10 variety.

The color of the new umbrella will be black and the paper of a composition absolutely waterproof and crackless. It will have a steel frame, wooden knob handle and a ring at the lower end of the "stick." Those in charge of the manufacture of the novelty say it will be durable and that it will roll as small as a silk one.

Nothing on Her.

An aristocratic lady gave a dinner party during the walters' strike in New York. A young girl of the type known as buxom waited on the table. She seemed quiet and unobtrusive, and was efficient. After the dinner was over, the hostess said she would sign the check. When she had written her name she turned to the waitress and said: "Perhaps I should tell you that I am Mrs. Blank, so there will be no mistake. My handwriting is rather illegible."

The waitress picked up the check, glanced at the signature, and said: "Well, dearie, you ain't got nothing on me!"

THE DARK MIRROR

Continued from Page 2

To a moderate store of amateurish driving ability alone she owed not one but a dozen breath-taking escapes. The road twisted and turned in a way to test the ability of a skilled hand at the wheel. In the first few miles seldom running straight for as much as two hundred yards. The grade grew by degrees less dangerous, however, the road less serpentine; there were presently stretches of almost level running.

After a time the road forked, and perhaps two miles farther on it forked again. Being utterly ignorant of the lay of the land, but guessing that the valley was on her right, Priscilla in both instances took the right-hand track. Well beyond the second fork the car dropped swiftly down a short but steep declivity, and before she could see her danger and apply the brakes, plunged into mud above the rims, laboring heavily. It stopped dead. After a few convulsive heaves the engine sighed and stalled.

With the cessation of its rumble, came noise of rushing water. Mischance had led her to a spot where the road had been half washed out by the overflow from a mountain stream. The headlights showed an unrelieved stretch of mire which forbade the thought of trying to go on. The only thing to do was to back out—if she could—and, since it would be impossible to turn on the narrow trail, keep on backing till she regained the last fork on the face of it no easy task, but feasible with care and patience.

Hopefully, she restarted the engine and threw the reverse gear. The wheels moved with a sucking noise, at first sluggishly, then worked free and spun briskly. The car held fast where it had stopped. She shut off the ignition and got down to investigate, stepping into mud above her ankles. The sole result of her attempt to back out had been to bog down the wheels nearly to the hubs.

When she had strained the motor for a few more minutes without encouragement, she gave up the hopeless struggle, and cried a little into her muddled hands.

The unhappy alternative was hers, to remain in the car till she was found—if she ever was—or to pick her way back through the pitch-dark forest to the first fork in the road, either to wait there to be recaptured by Mario, or else to push on into the valley, or wherever the road might lead, till she came to human habitation.

Either course was dismaying in anticipation. The forest frightened her indescribably. To stop where she was meant perhaps hours of waiting—daylight was still a long time off—in the solitude and silence of the woods, encompassed by she dared not guess what perils from prowling beasts of prey.

And on this reflection, she switched the headlights off, lest their shine attract attention.

She recalled with painful vividness the fear of the forest that had haunted Leonora on the morning of the day of her death.

Of a sudden, in blind, witless panic, she tumbled out of the car and plowed back through the mire to the trail, only to become still more blindly a prey to imaginary horrors when she felt firm ground underfoot, and to blunder insanely on, clawed at by savage, withered hands, tripped and buffeted by malicious limbs, hounded by horrors of the imagination unspeakable.

Within two minutes she was off the trail, thrashing wildly through the undergrowth that choked the woods, hopelessly lost.

V. VALEDICTION.
It was less a woman than an animated scarecrow that broke from a dense thicket and stumbled into the mountain trail in the hot blast of mid morning.

Her cloak was gone and her slippers as well; bare and bleeding feet and ankles showed through the remnants of what had been silk stockings. Her frock, dripping water from every fold, thanks to a recent misadventure with a brook, was an affair of shreds and tatters caked with splashes of mud and stained with green slime; one sleeve was missing entirely. The bare white arm had been cruelly scratched by thorns. The hair falling round her shoulders was a net of tangles and knots in which leaves and twigs had become entwined. Her face was disfigured with smeared mud in which tears had washed pale channels. Her eyes were red and swollen, her lips puffed, her look was stupid to the point of witlessness.

She panted and at times moaned feebly as she walked—if she could be said to walk, whose progress was a zigzag thing of yaws and veers like that of a yacht under full sail in a stiff breeze with no hand at the helm.

In a shallow clearing of one side of the trail stood a small shanty of the crudest kind, a crazy structure of undressed logs and rough planks weather-beaten to the shade of slaty gray. It had a door, however, and the door was closed. The girl opened it simply by falling against it. It banged against the wall and swung back into place after admitting her.

The room inside—there was but one—showed evidence of more or less recent occupation; a half-loaf of stale bread on the table, some open tins holding samples of food from which an unpleasant odor exhaled, several empty whiskey bottles and one half full, empty cigarette cartons and a vast litter of cigarette stumps. A frying pan on the sheet-iron stove held a fatter of bacon in a pool of coagulated grease. There were tumbled blankets on a rickety cot in the corner.

The girl saw none of these things; or if she saw them, they meant nothing to her. As if her strength had only sufficed to sustain her to the shelter of a roof, she dropped to the

floor and lay there, panting and sobbing and quaking like a child that has been brutally punished.

Within three minutes a man came running up the trail. He was young, slender and wiry of stature, and wore an aged red sweater with a pair of khaki trousers. His face was of a glowing scarlet shade and dripped with sweat which ran down into his eyes and was at least in part the cause of the monologue of profanity which clogged his labored breathing. He lumbered on wearily, like one who has run a long distance, ever and anon looking back over shoulder as if he feared pursuit. His right hand held an automatic pistol of heavy caliber, ready for instant use.

At the door of the shanty he paused, shut his lips tight to still the noise of his own breathing, and listened with head bent to one side. Apparently he heard nothing. A look of fear that had clouded his eyes passed, and he grinned an evil, snarling grin as he kicked open the door and went in.

The girl had fallen on the far side of the table, where she was not immediately visible. Unsuspicious of her presence, the man closed the door and lurched to the one unglazed window, where he stopped to spy out anxiously, peering down the trail he had just traveled and listening intently.

But the girl had been roused by his entrance, and best pushing her shoulders up from the floor with her arms, presently laid hold of the edge of the table and pulled herself into a



standing position. The table rocked slightly and scraped the floor. A whiskey bottle fell on its side.

The man turned like a hunted animal, snarling, saw the woman standing there, in her torn frock, water dripping from her hair and clothing, and screamed with terror like a trapped wolf.

His arm flew up and his pistol spat five shots in less than as many seconds. He fired point blank, at a distance of not more than five feet. Yet when the fifth shot had been fired the man smiled, "you're something to tell me."

"Meaning," he laughed, "just that it was no good our talking till I had. But now..." He drew from a pocket a handful of old letters: "The solution of the mystery," he announced—"at last!"

"Don't tease me, Philip."

"I won't, but first I must explain. Has it ever occurred to you to wonder how Andrews and I happened to be with Mario that morning when we found you in the cabin with Carnehan?"

"I've wondered—yes—wondered whether it was true or not. All that time seems so unreal as I recall it. I've wondered often if perhaps it were nothing but another kind of dream, something I thought I lived through while I was actually in bed, delirious."

"No; it was all true enough. But let me tell you... The afternoon you disappeared I had spent out of town; trying to interview an inmate of a home for the aged, up near Pawling—an old, old woman, registered on the records of the institution as Mrs. Leonora O'More."

"Mother O'More?"

"The same. On the clue you gave me of that name Andrews traced her to the home. She refused to talk to him. She refused to talk to me. I tried bribery, but money wouldn't tempt her. She had enough for her small needs, and took a malicious pleasure, I fancy, in watching me struggle with my temper when she wouldn't talk. However, her very taciturnity told me she must have something to tell, and I hoped that by posing to her as Leonora on the strength of the resemblance, might worm the secret out of her. At all events, we were on the right trail. So I hurried back to town and found you missing. Mrs. Trowbridge in hysterics, the lock broken on the studio door, the devil to pay all round."

"Meanwhile Andrews had run up to Kingston to hunt for Mario—on the strength of your dream in which you heard him tell Leonora he must hurry to catch his train there. When I got home, between three and four in the morning, after a night of fruitless searching for you, I found a long distance call from Kingston waiting for me. Andrews reported that he had located the camp which Mario had rented for his honeymoon. On the off-chance that he might have been concerned in your disappearance—I couldn't rest, of course; and it was something to do—I jumped into my car and arrived at Kingston about nine o'clock in the morning. Andrews had a road map, with the location of

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girl was still standing, unharmed, staring blankly at him.

Then he went utterly insane with fear. One word—"Leonora!"—was his shrieked valediction to the world. His pistol held a sixth cartridge. He thrust the muzzle between his teeth and pulled the trigger.

As Carnehan fell, Fosdick with the detective Andrews and the man Mario broke into the shanty.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

WHEN IT CAME TRUE.

The day was very still, so still that Priscilla could hear no sound but the unending whistler of surf breaking on the Southampton shore.

She lay on a chaise-longue, indolently watching the sea, just as she had watched it daily from her window, for hours on end, through weeks that ran into months without her heed. Upon her lap rested an open book, upon the book a hand as white as the fair margins of its pages. But it was not more colorless than her face. In her look there was a hint of resignation, of patient weariness.

She had been a long time ill, with an illness which Aunt Esther persisted in calling brava fever, though Dr. Philip Fosdick had for it a name less picturesque.

And for a longer time she had been in a state that was by courtesy termed convalescence; though if she were making any real progress toward complete recovery it was imperceptible to solicitous eyes. On the other hand, there were no signs of retrogression. She remained, in short, quite simply in suspense, as one might hold life not worth the trouble either of living or of relinquishing. The vitality of her body could not yield; neither could it prevail against the inertia of her spirit. She existed—nothing more.

Fosdick knew this lassitude could not endure forever; the day must dawn that would see her cure complete. Meanwhile he was assiduous in his attention, unflinching in sympathetic understanding and so frequently a guest of the villa that seldom two days passed without seeing his car at its door.

Today he was tapping at her door before Priscilla knew he was in the house. She recognized his knock and had a smile of welcome ready for him. Nothing in his manner suggested that the visit was to prove extraordinary as he sat down beside the chaise-longue, his finger tips upon her pulse, and amiably recited the ritual of inquiries concerning her condition.

"A little weary, Philip," she told him in answer to one stereotyped question. "I began to wonder if one ever does recover from some things."

"Such as—?" he smiled.

"Things you've forbidden me to talk about."

Fosdick looked thoughtful. "I don't know," he said in a speculative tone. "Perhaps I've been wrong about that; or perhaps the time has come when we may talk. In fact, I rather think it has—if you feel strong enough."

"Meaning, I presume," she said with the bungalow clearly marked. We struck immediately back through the hills.

"About five miles from our destination we met Mario about. You know what he had to tell us. While we were talking—it took some time to make him understand you weren't Leonora and that we had any right to butt in—Carnehan bolted up the road in a high-powered roadster, making about forty miles an hour on a stiff grade—didn't see us because we'd stopped just around a bend in the road, until he was almost on top of us. He got his brakes on in time to stop just short of my car, which of course was blocking the road. Andrews and Mario recognized him instantly, and he knew Mario. After an interesting three-cornered pistol fight as I ever care to see again in the role of innocent bystander, Carnehan took cover

in the woods. We pursued.

"Unquestionably Carnehan took you for the ghost of Leonora, and was convinced when he failed to hit you once in five shots at close range."

"Yes," Priscilla said, "the last thing before he killed himself he shrieked her name."

"Well," Fosdick resumed, "you were a physical and mental wreck. I had to wait till you were strong enough to confront Mother O'More and cheat the truth out of her. Before you were out of bed she had a paralytic stroke that put her vocal cords out of commission. She couldn't have talked if she'd wanted to. I did everything that could be done for her, and she clung to life with amazing tenacity in one so aged; but the second stroke came yesterday, and finished her. I had made the manager of the home a personal friend. He telephoned at once, and I ran out to Pawling this morning. Among the old woman's few effects we found these letters."

Fosdick didn't offer to give them to Priscilla. "I'd rather you didn't read them yet," he said. "They're rather affecting letters; I'm afraid they'd upset you. Later, when you're quite strong, some time."

"They were written by your father to your mother. She was Mother O'More's niece. She met your father through posing for him. Their marriage was an affair of sudden impulse. They loved each other devotedly, but they were never, after the first few months, happy. Your mother had a strongly independent spirit. She was out of place in the society of your father's friends, knew it, saw how she handicapped him, and resented it bitterly. She refused absolutely to try to mold herself to his ways of life. They quarreled hideously, I fancy. She wanted to leave him, and he wouldn't listen to it. Remember: they were desperately in love."

"Eventually they left New York on a forlorn hope, planning to establish themselves in some part of the country where they were not known and try to build up a life together. That was a foredoomed failure. Your father was miserably away from his home and his friends. At last your mother took her fate in her hands and ran away. She took with her Leonora, leaving you to your father."

"Leonora was my sister!"

"You were born twins in California, several months before your mother ran away. . . . Your father used every possible means to try to find your mother and induce her to return to him, but she eluded him till the end; she died, it would seem, a year or so later, leaving Leonora in the care of her aunt—Mother O'More. These letters were addressed to your mother in her care. It would appear they were never answered."

But Priscilla was no longer listening; and perceiving this, Fosdick paused.

"My sister!" the girl exclaimed after many minutes of thought—"Leonora!"

"That is the explanation of the mystery," Fosdick affirmed. "That a strong psychic affinity exists between twins has long been a scientifically accepted fact. The records of psychic research contain many instances of telepathic and telesthetic communication between twins. No record exists of a case so extraordinary as yours, to my knowledge; still, that is the true explanation."

"But Leonora . . . Did she know about me? I mean, did she dream of me as I dreamed of her? I wonder."

"She did, to some extent at least. She told Mario about it. Of course she had the advantage of you, because she knew she had a sister. But she had glimpses of your life in her dreams, now and then, and envied you and envied your happier fortunes. So Mario says."

"Mario? Then you have seen him?"

"To-day," Fosdick said smiling. "In fact, I took him with me to Pawling. We've grown to be great friends this summer. He's an extraordinarily fine fellow. He wants to see you if you

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J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

think you're strong enough for the interview today."

Priscilla got up suddenly.

"Where is he?"

"Downstairs, waiting, in the library—alone."

The girl took two impulsive steps toward the door, turned back with a radiant face, and thrust out her hand to Fosdick.

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she cried, tears of happiness in her eyes, contrition quivering in her voice.

He bowed above her hands, pressing them to his lips.

"There, dear girl!" he said, releasing them. "It's happiness enough for me to think . . . But you're keeping Mario waiting. Do go!"

Fosdick stood with a bowed head, watching her cross the threshold to that world where dreams come true. [THE END.]

"Good Writers Cannot Steal."

Less than a month after the publication of "A Sentimental Journey" Sterne died of consumption at the age of 64. Many years after his death, writes E. F. E. in the Boston Transcript, he became the subject of what Prof. Saintsbury calls "unintelligent censure" for his borrowing from other writers. "His chief creditor," says Prof. Saintsbury, "a case in which there could be no disguise." But, he was also largely indebted to Burton's "Anatomy," a treatise, which, after being well appreciated for nearly the whole of the seventeenth century, had become one of the neglected of the eighteenth. And he also conveyed from a host of obscure writers of different times—authors of French fables, like the M^{oyen} de Parvenir, Latin canonists and schoolmen, miscellaneous of all kinds, from whom something old could be obtained. Although there may have been unnecessary mystification in his manner of executing these conveyances, it is in his case, as in some if not most others, only those ignorant enough not to suspect or recognize the borrowing who will be ill-judging enough to use harsh language about it. As has been often and most justly said, a writer of Sterne's genius simply cannot steal—because he cannot help making his stolen things his own in the process. He does not kidnap; he adopts; and, in the adoption 'endows' what is adopted with his own position and wealth.

Hindu Barber a Man of Parts.

Now that the price for haircutting has risen, which means that possibly the barber will not be so busy in the future, perhaps we shall find him eventually emulating the Hindu haircutter. The latter is an individual of immense importance in India, and as his duties are many, he is in constant demand. At a birth the Hindu barber is the man employed to carry the eventful news to the various family relatives, while at a funeral he shaves the heads of the living—and the dead. The Hindu haircutter has no shop, and, unlike our barbers, he displays no poles, signs or symbols. He can be seen strolling along near the bazaars, with a small bundle under his arm or carrying a little bag. At all religious rites he is to be observed; he bores the girls ears and noses for the various rituals which are worn; and, in fact, the busy Hindu barber will undertake almost any surgical operation. Besides: births and deaths, he attends marriages. At a wedding, we are told, this busy barber is "best man."

The touch of this handy man, by the way, is exceptionally light, and it is said that he can shave his customers while they sleep.

United States Navy Up to Date.

In the United States navy, both the Atlantic and Pacific fleets now have well organized and completed "trains" of hospital ships, supply boats, repair vessels, refrigerating ships, ammunition and fuel ships, in addition to motor patrol vessels, submarine chasers, mine sweepers and mine layers, converted yachts, submarine and destroyer tenders and troop transports, practically undreamed of a decade ago.

In England during the eighteenth century there were no makers of toys of the better class and for the children of the wealthy the silversmiths made toys of solid silver, while Sheraton and Chippendale made doll furniture in exact miniature reproduction of the things they made for the palaces and the drawing rooms of the socially elect. Toy parachutes, the forerunners of the American toy balloon; lead soldiers, cast flat and thin and little more interesting than the flat wooden dolls of the Egyptians of 2100 B. C.; cheap mechanical toys and dolls of fanciful design but little beauty belonged to the time of King James I.

A House of Hearts.

A "heart" home is that of the wife of a doctor in California. The tables, chairs, etc., in fact, all the furniture of the peculiar house are heart-shaped. The owner's bed has a heart-shaped headboard supported on both sides by bedposts carved to represent Cupid's arrow. The heart-shaped headboard is decorated with a heart-shaped picture frame in which two angels embrace each other! The remarkable house is named the "Pericardium" which means the membrane enclosing the heart and the great blood vessels.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Established by Zephaniah 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
Home Telephone 116

Saturday, January 1, 1921

There will soon be more water drinkers than ever, especially of the Blackstone River. A Worcester concern proposes to dump 2000 barrels of beer, manufactured before prohibition, into the river. The temporary population along the Blackstone will grow rapidly when the dumping begins.

There is a general cut in wages all over the country and the same are being accepted by the Unions as graciously as possible. The mill workers of Fall River have agreed to accept a 22 1/2 per cent. cut. Many mills are closing temporarily for lack of business, and many thousands of employees are out of work. Altogether the outlook for the immediate future is not brilliant.

The voluntary cabinet makers have been busy at work ever since the election fixing up a cabinet for President Harding. No two of the many guesses as to the make-up of that body have agreed. The latest and most plausible suggestion as to the President's advisors is as follows: Charles E. Hughes of New York, Secretary of State; Charles G. Dawes of Illinois, Secretary of the Treasury; John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy; Will H. Hays of Indiana, Postmaster-General; Herbert Hoover of California, Secretary of Labor; and Harry M. Doughtery of Ohio, Attorney-General.

THE JOB IN HAND

The American people expect a substantial reduction in their Federal taxes, and a revision of what is left. Such a program is not only possible, but is the logical one for Congress to adopt. By reaching a speedy agreement with foreign governments indebted to the United States, by which interest on their indebtedness will be paid, an income of half a billion dollars will be assured. By putting a new tariff law on the statute books, drawn along established Republican lines of protection, an additional source of revenue will be produced yielding about \$600,000,000 each year, paid as in the other instance by the foreigner instead of the American taxpayer. It would then be possible to wipe out the excess profits tax, which has been the cause of most of the profiteering to which the country has been subjected, and make substantial reductions in the income tax without impairing the total revenue received by the Treasury.

THE YEAR 1920

While 1920 was a disturbed year in business and social relations yet some definite results have been obtained during that period.

1. The scarcities of commodities which prevailed during the year 1919 and were due to the absorption of the people in the work of supporting their armies, have been relieved. This has done a great deal to check profiteering, which always develops where the supply of commodities is less than the demand.

2. The inflated price level has been broken, and a start has been made toward getting commodity prices down to a more normal level.

3. Labor troubles have largely subsided. The working masses have been led to see that ample production is necessary to prosperity and a great many employers have been led into making positive efforts for better cooperation with their help.

4. A hard-fought Presidential election has been held, and a decided result secured. Even those who disagree with the result feel it is better for some one party to assume responsibility and secure a mandate from the people for positive action of some kind.

5. Far reaching movements have begun to shape themselves among the agricultural elements, for cutting out of middlemen and better marketing of commodities, which must promote economies for all classes.

Many other social movements could be mentioned, which are laying foundations for a better order and greater prosperity. In Europe many small wars have died down, labor troubles are less violent, much devastated territory has been made productive. A careful study of the ground shows it has been a year of marked advance and one whose results will be far reaching.

A GOOD NEW YEAR CUSTOM

One of the customs prevalent in China for celebrating the New Year, is for everyone to pay his debts. An item like that makes one feel that Eastern civilization knows some things not fully understood in this longitude.

There are many people who incur debts without any clear idea when they can pay them. Expenses always

fortune where people are compelled to borrow, to secure the necessities of life. But outside of such exigencies, people's expenditure ought to be proportioned to their income.

Some of the worst debtors are people in comfortable circumstances. There is a story that in a certain town a group of merchants agreed not to accept credit accounts from those living in a certain section, as they made so much trouble in paying their bills. This neighborhood was the oldest and wealthiest in the community.

Many wealthy people can't seem to understand why tradesmen want bills paid regularly. They think their own prosperous circumstances sufficient guarantee that bills will be paid, and they fail to reflect that the tradesman is having to borrow to cover their debt. It is doubtful policy to allow such people unlimited credit. While they may have large incomes, they may spend them so extravagantly as to be in danger of bankruptcy.

For the business man who borrows money to enlarge his business, debt may be a sign of enterprise. But debts incurred merely from careless failure to pay bills or through extravagance, are a disgrace. Debtors of that kind are morally inferior to the despised heathen chinee, who celebrates New Year in the most honorable way by squaring himself with the world.

CHANGING TIME OF ELECTION

Congressman MacArthur of Oregon is the author of two proposed amendments to the Constitution, recently introduced in the House of Representatives. Both aim to reduce the time which now elapses between the election of the President, Senators and Representatives in Congress and the date upon which they take their oath of office and enter upon the discharge of their duties. As the Constitution and the laws now provide, the President assumes control of the executive branch of the Government on March 4th, four months after the people have elected him Chief Executive. Senators and Congressmen are compelled to wait until the first Monday in December of the following year, a delay of thirteen months, before they are able to participate in national legislation, unless the President in the meantime sees fit to call a special session of Congress.

The first of Congressman MacArthur's amendments fixes the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November as election day, and provides that the terms of service of Senators and Representatives shall begin on the first Monday in December of the same year, instead of March 4th of the next year. It automatically abolishes the short session of Congress and makes impossible any legislation by so-called "lame ducks" or political parties repudiated at the polls.

The second amendment provides that Presidential terms shall begin on the second Monday in December, or about five weeks following the election and one week following the meeting of Congress. That week is needed to canvass the vote for President and Vice President, and to elect those officials in case there is no majority in the electoral college. The amendment further provides that the electoral vote shall be canvassed by the Speaker of the House instead of by the President of the Senate, and, in case no candidate gets a majority, that the House shall elect by individual membership vote instead of by States as at present.

A CABINET LADY

There is every likelihood that soon after the inauguration of President Harding there will be created a new Department of Public Welfare, and it is also probable that a woman will be selected as the head of that executive branch. The suggestion has already been made many times, but in his most recent address Mr. Harding has given a definiteness to the idea that makes it practically certain or realization. "I am now able to say to you," he remarked, "that since the election I have had opportunity to discuss that proposal with a number of leaders of liberal public thought in and out of Congress, with reference to crystallizing it into legislative accomplishment and have found them eager to help in the constructive task."

There are many bureaus of the Government, more or less unrelated to the departments in which they are now placed, all of which bear directly on the welfare of the citizen, and could, with advantage, be grouped together in a Department of Public Welfare. The Public Health Service, the Bureau of Education, the Children's Bureau and the Women's Bureau are some of the offices which could be readily transferred to the new organization. It would be quite suitable, too, for a woman to direct Federal activities of that nature.

A BUSINESS CONGRESS

A glance over the records of men elected to Congress on November 2 shows a large proportion of men who have won the confidence of their constituents by demonstration of unusual ability in practical affairs, a

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Memorial Service

A special memorial service was held by the Block Island Auxiliary of the Newport Chapter of the American Red Cross last Thursday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the First Baptist Church, as a tribute to the memory of Mrs. R. Livingston Beekman, whose death was such a sudden shock to all Rhode Islanders.

Christmas Trees Bring Tidings to Little Ones

Last Friday night was a memorable one to the youngsters of Block Island, both churches holding Christmas trees. At 8:30 o'clock a Christmas cantata entitled "The Christmas Bells" was presented by the young people at the Center Methodist Church and a record-breaking attendance was recorded. At the conclusion of the holiday play the attention of the congregation was turned to a huge tree elaborately decorated with an abundance of gifts for the children of the Sunday School and community. Miniature electric incandescent lights of various colors adorned the branches of the tree as did wreaths of holly and evergreen. George Mitchell portrayed the role of Santa Claus.

At the Harbor Church a Christmas concert by the young folks preceded the Christmas tree exercises. Harry Rose as Santa Claus made a pronounced hit with the little tots.

Daughters of Liberty Have Christmas Tree

After the little folks had been entertained by old St. Nicholas at the church earlier in the evening, the members of Martha Washington Council No. 20, Sons and Daughters of Liberty, repaired to their quarters in Mohegan Hall and after a rapid fire business session, enjoyed a couple of hours of hilarity with a Christmas tree all their own.

Even old Santa Claus himself was on top and assisted the committee in distributing the saucy little surprise packages, many of which provoked roars of laughter and one in particular nearly upset the hall.

The committee of arrangements deserves to be highly commended for their efforts in bringing about one of the most successful and entertaining features ever offered the members. The Lodge room was very tastefully decorated and the tree and its effects were beautiful.

Whist and Dance Concludes the Merry Christmas Social Program

A market whist and Christmas dance featured the social program on Christmas night, the affair being a Welcome Home social tendered the young people by the Athletic Association. Nearly a hundred of the young folks gathered around the whist tables and enjoyed the fifteen hands of progressive whist and later joined in the intricate figures of the famous crazy-eights, or gracefully crumpled down the waxed floor to the accompaniment of piano, piccolo, violin, snare drum and bass drum, in a dreamy waltz, fox trot or one step. The Athletic Orchestra, although in its infancy, ripped off some pretty snappy music and with the addition of Frank Hayes, the master violinist, had six sets for eight each doing circus stunts that would have

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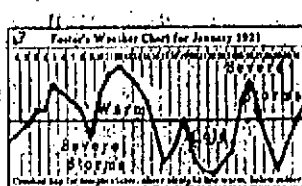
Weekly Calendar JANUARY, 1921

STANDARD TIME											
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed
1 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21
2 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21
3 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21
4 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21
5 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21
6 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21
7 Jan	7 11	8 12	9 13	10 14	11 15	12 16	1 17	2 18	3 19	4 20	5 21

New moon January 1, 0:18 morning.
First quarter January 17, 1:31 morning.
Full moon January 25, 6:5 evening.
Last quarter January 30, 3:3 evening.

Deaths.

In this city, 25th ult., Sadie Andrews, in this city, 25th ult., George Edwards Sage.
In this city, 25th ult., Joseph Graham, in this city, 25th ult., at the Newport Hospital, Jane Elizabeth Albrow, widow of Joseph Freeman Albrow, and daughter of the late Nathaniel and Jane Peckham, aged 70 years.
In this city, 25th ult., Laura Peckham, widow of Winfield S. Laura, Theodore Patrick, infant son of Timothy and Josephine O'Connor.
25th ult., Mrs. Joanna Sullivan, wife of John Sullivan.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1921.

During first part of week centering on January 12 a great warm wave, coming from that cold northern country of Alaska, will cover all the Rockies. Within two days it will cover all the Rockies to the Mexican line and all the lowlands east of meridian 90 and the Mississippi river and south to the Gulf of Mexico. It will move southward, covering the Great Lakes and south to Cuba, by January 14, and then northeastward, covering all the eastern sections. Following a day or two behind this great warm wave, will come a moderate storm wave and behind that a moderate cool wave. This disturbance will have great energies, which will be expended in causing warm weather, and the heat will hold the moisture, so that a moderate amount of precipitation only, may be expected with but little snow even in northern sections. These warm waves in January are not good for the growing winter grain, and must be counted as an injury, because they prepare the winter crops for being killed by later hard freezing.

Now is the time that careful farmers will lay their plans for making the 1921 crops, and I expect to be of greater assistance to them than ever before. All my crop weather forecasts now of great practical utility except some not very important details of the rise and fall of temperatures, and I will soon have them good enough for all the most important purposes. I invite correspondence from those who read and are interested in my work. I often get valuable suggestions from such letters. A great demand for products of this continent is a sure thing, and business matters will be adjusted so that fair profits will come to those who produce. I believe that Congress will recognize the rights and interests of those who produce the raw materials and of those who manufacture them into finished products. Some combination of men in high places is responsible for contracting the money circulation that has caused this financial depression, and there should be no pardon for them; their political heads should be guillotined.

I will ask the reader to carefully note some long in advance forecasts. Two very important weather features are the severe storms and the localities from which comes our moisture. Severe storms cause large amounts of precipitation, only when the atmosphere is full of moisture; excessive moisture in the atmosphere occurs only when the evaporated sea water comes from near-by oceans. When these two weather features occur at the same time and place, heavy rains or snows occur. Some of these severe storms will occur during the weeks centering on January 9 and 27; February 5 and 24; March 5 and 12; April 8 and 22; May 17 and 31. The U. S. daily weather maps show these severe storms. Twenty dark lines around the low or the high indicate very severe storms; one line around these weather centers indicate very mild storms. If you do not see the maps your weather knowledge will tell you when the storms near you are mild or severe.

shocked a nigger camp meeting.

The successful contestants for prizes offered by the Negus market were as follows: Miss Emma Mitchell 28 points, bag of flour; Martin Mitchell 27 points, assortment of cereals; Mrs. May Allen 26 points, 5 lbs. roast pork; Nellus Rose 26 points, one ham; George Steadman 23 points, assortment of canned goods; Miss Fannie Hayes 22 points, assorted chocolates; Clarence Lewis 22 points, half-dozen fancy grape fruit; Channing Littlefield 22 points, B. I. A. A. Pennant; consolations: Miss Ethel Teal, Winfield Conley, Jr. The buffet lunch was served by Mrs. Earle Lockwood and Mrs. Ray Mitchell with Clarence H. Lewis as head chef. The official scorers were Morris L. Negus, Jr., and Capt. Wm. Teal.

Rube Ball and Masquerade to be Given New Year's Night

The Block Island Athletic Association will cancel its usual market whist on Saturday night and in its stead will hold a Rube Masquerade ball for the benefit of the Athletic orchestra who have recently procured a brand new bass drum, snare drum and cymbals. During the evening a special feature will be held in the form of a marathon waltz with a special prize to the couple who remain on the floor the longest. Refreshments will be served during the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rutledge of Newport spent the Christmas holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew V. Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Steadman of Providence were entertained over Christmas at the home of Mrs. Steadman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Mott.

Miss Gladys Steadman, William P. Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Earle Lockwood were tendered a Christmas dinner at The Gables last Sunday afternoon as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie H. Dodge.

A Christmas party was given at the Gov. Gorton farm last Sunday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. S. Martin Rose. Those present were Capt. and Mrs. Collins of the U. S. Coast Guard Station at Sandy Point, Mr. and Mrs. Jason Mott, Merton Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Littlefield, Mr. and Mrs. Ottowell Dodge, Master Harold Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. S. Martin Rose, Jr., and Kenneth Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene L. Rose, Miss Marie Sheffield, Miss Edna Sheffield and Miss Alice Northup.

A surprise party in honor of Miss Elena Mott was held at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Jason A. Mott, at Fern Cottage last Monday evening. Twenty of Miss Mott's young friends were present and the evening was

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeeland

Public school teachers of Clinton, Mass., both in the grades and in the high school, have been granted that increase of \$100 each and the minimum wage of \$1600 has been established.

The Maine state grange, Patrons of Husbandry, at its annual session in Lewiston, adopted a resolution calling for an immediate embargo on importation of potatoes from foreign countries.

Yale University has received a letter from Charles Edward Adams, head of the Meteor Observatory at Wellington, New Zealand, accepting the appointment of "associate in astronomy" at Yale University.

The Duke of Devonshire, governor-general of Canada, drove the first spike in the Canadian schooner which will be built to compete with an American craft for the championship of the North Atlantic fishing fleet next year.

The inventory of the estate of Eleanor H. Porter, author of "Dollanna," and other stories, has been filed in the Registry of Probate, Cambridge, Mass., showing personal property of a value of \$269,062, and real property of a value of \$23,000.

George W. Searle, for the past seven years town clerk, town treasurer and collector of taxes, has been elected to be the first mayor of Westfield, Mass., the only city of the commonwealth, receiving 2823 votes to 1931 for his opponent, Richard J. Morrissey.

The greatest jazz band contest that has ever taken place in this country is planned as one of the features of the Improved Benevolent-Protective Order of Elks of the World convention, to be held in Boston during the coming summer. The convention will bring to the city more than 100,000 colored members of the organization from all sections of the country.

The Hildesford and Saez, Me., Water Company is soon to expend something like \$30,000 in making changes at the pumping station on the Hildesford road, to replace steam power with electricity in pumping water from the river to the pumping station and thence to the big reservoir. Steam power will be used as an auxiliary and an electric plant operated for regularly furnishing power.

Postmasters may hereafter pay direct limited indemnity claims on insured mail under an amendment to be passed in the postal bulletin. Except the postal laws and regulations antedating the new rule are third and fourth class postmasters and post-offices. Nor can any postmaster pay claims on "C. O. D." mail, matter which may have been lost or damaged to shipment.

Jeremiah Morley, a G. A. R. veteran, for 35 years attached to the Charleston Navy Yard, is dead at his home in East Boston, at the age of 85. Mr. Morley was one of the gun commanders on the frigate Cumberland and it was his ship that fired the last shot before the ship sank. In recognition of his services he was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor, being one of the few men who received the distinction during the Civil War.

A petition asking for the removal of the public trustees of the Eastern Massachusetts street railway was sent to the executive council by Mayor Roscoe Walsworth of Revere. Mayor Walsworth, petitioning as a citizen of the commonwealth and the mayor of Revere, asked consideration of the petition under chapter 188, section 2 of the special acts of 1918. In the petition he stated the methods of control of the road had been unjust and unreasonable, and charged that the trustees had disregarded the public interest in the methods of handling buses at their disposal.

RICKENBACKER DOUBTED.

Compelled to Prove Identity to Chicago Police.

Chicago. — Eddie Rickenbacker, American ace and auto racer, came near spending Christmas day in jail because when he arrived from California he registered in a hotel here and the clerk, believing him to be the false "Eddie Rickenbacker" recently married in Jacksonville, Fla., called the police. Rickenbacker, after much explaining, convinced the police that he was the real Eddie Rickenbacker.

PILGRIM STAMPS READY.

Special issue on Sale Depicting Landing of Pilgrims.

Washington.—The issue of postage stamps commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims, for which stamp collectors have been looking with eagerness, has been placed on sale. The one cent green stamp, depicts the Mayflower under full sail; the two cent, red, shows the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the five cent, blue, shows signing of compact with southern colonies in the cabin of the Mayflower.

Glory of Civilization.

Public charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress are peculiar to Christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has originated them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature.—Colton.

Bang! Goes Another Illusion.

A New York woman tried to sell her husband at public auction but failed. Which seems to disprove the theory that women will buy anything

Judge Morton in the Boston federal court advised civil suit for damages against prohibition agents seizing and holding liquor without a warrant. This counsel was given during the hearing on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus for the recovery of confiscated liquor, brought against Enforcement Officer William J. McCarthy by Henry Godal of Boston.

The Boston office of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of the department of commerce exhibited specimens of paper clothing and similar articles of German and Austrian manufacture at the rooms of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts. The exhibit, included about 60 pieces of suits, trousers, overcoats, collars, aprons, raincoats, table covers, rugs and laundry bags.

Warnings to jewelers and store owners to take greater precautions to safeguard their property in the event that criminals direct from Chicago, New York and Boston come to Springfield, Mass., was given in a statement by Capt. Frank W. Quilly, chief of the police detective bureau. The police will furnish guards for bank money-guards or others transporting large sums of money through the streets.

Legislation requiring that soft drink parlors, so-called, be licensed as a means of combating the existing opportunity for immoral solicitation and the temptation to sell intoxicating liquors in secret, provided in the indiscriminate mingling together of men and women in such places, is the first and chief recommendation of the Boston licensing board in its annual report for the year ending November 30, 1920.

Of the 33 women who took examinations at the State House, Boston for appointment as police women in various Massachusetts cities, only one had bobbed hair, according to an official announcement by the authorities. Other bits of interesting information given out were: The heaviest applicant weighs 190 pounds. The lightest weighs 107. The oldest is 65 years old. The youngest is 21. Six are negroes, and 88 white.

Fishermen of New Haven, Conn., who have followed the business in recent years of catching busy fish in Sound waters, report having just closed one of the most successful seasons in this line of work they have ever known. One crew, with a stow-away valued at about \$50,000 and gear worth perhaps \$4,000 more, made gross earnings of \$87,000, and several other crews, with less money invested, did proportionally well.

Five prisoners in the Connecticut State prison, four of whom serving life sentences for murder, have been given their freedom by the state board of pardons. Although 43 petitions for pardons had been filed with the board, 19 of them were withdrawn at the hearings and the appeals of 18 other inmates were denied. The one woman who asked for liberty was granted a pardon. She is Julia Dimock, serving a two-year sentence for theft.

At a meeting of the members of the Clothing Manufacturers' Association of Boston, it was unanimously voted that when their shops reopen, which probably will not be until after New Year's, all tailor shops will be put on a piece work basis with a reduction in rates amounting to an average of about 22 1/2 per cent. The change from week-work to piece-work will enable the average skilled worker to receive at the end of the week as many dollars as he has been able to earn by week work.

Maine is approaching a crisis in the matter of taxation, according to the belief of the members of the State Board of Assessors, expressed in their annual report. "The recent tremendous increases in tax rates and assessments, together with a probable further increase in the near future," they reported, "would seem to indicate that the providing of money to keep State and municipal machinery running may rest too heavily upon those least able to bear it." A total valuation of \$68,617,716 was reported.

Dr. Roger L. Lea, professor of hygiene at Harvard University, announced, following the physical examination of nearly 1200 students, that the amount of actual serious organic disease found was small. Freshmen, unclassified students and first-year men in graduate school of business administration underwent the examinations. Dr. Lea also reported a surprising absence of remedial defects, such as uncorrected eyes, hypertrophied tonsils, decayed teeth, etc. This indicates in his opinion the beneficial effect of the health propaganda among the people who send their sons to college.

How Massachusetts cities voted on acceptance of the State Boxing Bill in recent election.

	Yes	No
Attleboro	2,468	1,804
Boston	37,260	13,446
Beverly	2,372	2,947
Chelsea	3,931	2,008
Lawrence	9,124	4,249
Lynn	10,767	6,883
Malden	6,663	4,263
Melrose	2,208	1,932
Newton	1,275	2,687
North Adams	2,197	1,245
Revere	2,817	1,062
Woburn	2,378	1,023
Worcester	24,184	13,127

Iver W. Billvexus of Lynn, Mass., has invented a man-power flying machine. Following the dragon fly as a living model he has perfected a simple mechanism to propel a double set of wings mounted on bicycle. "If a fly can fly," Iver says, "why can't a man work a flying machine by his own power?" Iver thinks that he can. The aerial bicycle is just like the large frame kind except that in addition to the regular drive chain there is

DR. B. J. GRATANA

Commercial Attache of the
Netherlands at Washington

Dr. B. J. Gratana is the commercial attache of the Netherlands legation and recently arrived in Washington.

NEW YORK WOMAN CALLED A WITCH

Day of Salem Witchcraft Re-
vered in New York
City Court.

Two months ago the two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sophie Stern of 518 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, New York, was as well and happy as any little girl of her age in Washington Heights. Of late the child's health has waned, she has gradually lost the power of her legs and the reason therefore has been the occasion of much excited talk among the women folk in the neighborhood.

All their suppressed excitement flared into cries of "Witch! witch!" in the Washington Heights court the other day when Magistrate Jesse Silbermann heard a complaint brought by Mrs. Rosalie Averin against Mrs. Stern, the technical charge being annoyance on the street. The cries were directed against Mrs. Averin by friends of Mrs. Stern, who hollered, with the mother, that witchcraft has been the cause of the little Stern girl's physical disability.

Others in the courtroom were sympathetic to the cause of Mrs. Averin, who said she was not witch at all, and those friends indulged in a general hissing of the Stern partisans.

Mrs. Averin, who brought the charge and lives in the same apartment that shelters the Sterns, said Mrs. Stern and others had annoyed her on the street, following her with cries of "Witch! Witch!" those cries being taken up by the children and making life uncomfortable for the complainant.

The magistrate called Mrs. Stern to the stand and asked point blank: "Do you believe this woman to be a witch?"

"Yes," replied the defendant, unhesitatingly, and then she told the story of her little daughter.

"Up to a couple of months ago," said Mrs. Stern, "my baby was strong and healthy, but this woman cursed her and now her little legs are paralyzed. Your honor, that woman is a witch. Two hundred years ago she would have been burned at the stake!"

After considering the matter a moment the magistrate dismissed the summons against Mrs. Stern for lack of evidence.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

ST. JOHNS, N. S.—Several thousand fishermen have left Newfoundland owing to the comparative failure of colony's fisheries this year and the low price for their product.

LONDON.—It was announced that the Rothschilds of London have offered a loan to Chile for public improvements and a new railway between Santiago and Valparaiso.

JRAQUE.—Alexander Kerensky, in his paper published here, charges a conspiracy headed by Ludendorff is under way to restore the monarchy in Russia and Germany and to re-establish the Austria-Hungarian Empire.

LONDON.—Premier Lloyd George, as chairman of the cabinet finance committee, instructed the army and navy departments to cut their appropriations in half, it is reported. Lloyd George has directed the total national expenditures for the coming year must be held as near \$950,000,000 as possible, the newspaper, which contains the report, says.

LONDON.—Brazilian ambassador at London denied recent rumors of a general moratorium in Brazil. The ambassador said the abnormal condition is reason for the decline in exchange.

In joint convention the Massachusetts Legislature reversed its recent action and agreed to a constitutional amendment which would give towns of more than 1000 inhabitants the right to hold limited town meetings. The convention also agreed unanimously

U. S. FACING HUGE DEFICIT

Houston Warns Committee Not to
Increase Burden of Treasury;
Indicates Bonus Opposition.

NEW BURDENS PREDICTED.

Secretary of Treasury Outlines Financial Problems to Senate Committee—He Declares We Face a \$2,000,000,000 Deficit This Year.

Washington.—Secretary of the Treasury Houston appearing before the Senate Finance Committee, declared himself against the restoration of the War Finance Corporation, predicted a deficit of \$2,000,000,000 in government finances this fiscal year and \$1,500,000,000 the coming fiscal year, opposed the extension of the linked of billion-dollar credit to Germany, and expressed the view that new sources of revenue must be found and no new burdens imposed on the treasury. The estimated deficit of the current fiscal year was \$1,000,000,000 more than had previously been estimated.

While he did not give an expression on the bonus bill, Secretary Houston's statements regarding the condition of the treasury and the prospects for the revenues were looked on by members of the committee as clearly indicating his opposition to any cash bonus plan. He was called before the committee primarily on the bonus bill, but he did not complete his statement and will appear before the committee again Monday.

The secretary's opposition to the War Finance Corporation was interpreted by senators as meaning a veto of the bill to restore that body recently passed by Congress. And his indirect opposition to the bonus is accepted as meaning that a cash bonus plan will not be approved by Congress this session.

Referring generally to legislation designed to aid agriculture by means proposed in Congress, he said: "Any one that holds out to the farmers the idea that these efforts will return their war prices in their worst enemy."

Only a few days ago Senator McCumber, acting chairman of the Finance Committee, so before the senate in a speech which showed the need for economy. After that speech many senators said they were concerned over the government's fiscal situation and that they would insist on economy at every possible turn. The data given by Secretary Houston deepened the impression already made on senators as to the necessity for holding tight the pursestrings.

While much of the information given by Secretary Houston was contained in his annual report, it attracted the more attention because of the fact that he presented it to the committee verbally.

After forecasting a deficit in the country's revenues of \$2,100,000,000 this fiscal year and another deficit of \$1,500,000,000 the next fiscal year, Mr. Houston said new ways and means must be discovered to find money, and no new burdens added.

Mr. Houston said that aside from the public debt, the ordinary receipts for this year would exceed ordinary expenses by about \$500,000,000 and next year the excess would be \$550,000,000. These sums, he said, will fall to take care of the interest on the national debt, which is about \$1,000,000,000 annually. In addition the interest on the floating debt must be provided for and sums laid aside annually to retire the public debt.

"We face, in addition, the fact that many sources of revenue are declining, so we will have to look around for new sources to tap without placing greater burdens on the treasury," the secretary told the committee.

As Secretary Houston proceeded with his discussion on the national indebtedness, Senator Smoot said: "It will take us thirty-three years to pay off our national debt under existing law."

Discussing the War Finance Corporation, Mr. Houston said: "I have been opposed to the resumption of the War Finance Corporation. American exports are larger now than before or during the war."

STRIKE AGAINST YELLOW.

Capitol Employees Threaten Walkout Unless Color Is Charged.

Jackson, Miss.—A strike of employees at the Mississippi State Capitol was averted when the Bond Improvement Commission changed the interior decorations of the structure from yellow to ivory brown.

The Bond Improvement Commission was given notice that "every employee in the State Capitol will walk out unless you rid the walls of the new yellow paint."

TUMULTY MAY HEAD BANK.

Wilson's Secretary Mentioned for Presidency of Washington Concern.

Washington.—It is more than possible that after March 4, Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, will become president of the Continental Trust Company, one of the largest banks in the National capital. Former U. S. Senator Nathan B. Scott, chairman of the Board of Directors of the same, admitted that a formal tender to Mr. Tumulty is being "seriously considered."

To give additional security to life and property, Mayor Fitzgerald of New Haven, Conn., has ordered an auxiliary police force of 500 men to be recruited at once. The men will be uniformed and armed. All highways leading into the city will be guarded.

MRS. PAULINE C. FIELD

Member of the New York
Criminal Bar Association.

Mrs. Pauline C. Field, only woman member of the New York Criminal Bar Association, who has been elected president of that organization.

UNDESIRABLE ALIENS BARRED FROM CANADA

Authorities Aim to Keep Out
Those Who Cannot Readily
Be Assimilated.

Ottawa.—Immigration officials of Canada are aiming to keep out of the country all who cannot be readily assimilated. A prominent official of the Immigration Department at Ottawa in authority for the statement that there are 15,000,000 non-English speaking people who would like to come to Canada who would be no good to us and eventually only a burden. To make sure that none of these get in is the purpose of the laws and regulations now being enforced.

A different standard of qualification is in force in the winter from what prevails in the summer—that is, the standard of detail is not the same, though the main principle is identical the year round. This modification was in effect last winter for the first time and it will go into effect again on January 1, and remain in force till March 31 next. This rule provides that between those dates no one shall be allowed to enter Canada as a settler unless the head of the family has \$250 in cash, all others of his family over eighteen years old \$175, and those under eighteen, \$75 each. Even an infant must have \$50. At other times of the year each immigrant must have \$50, except those under eighteen, who need have only \$25.

What the government is really restricting is the immigration from Central Europe, Russia and Poland. The government is spending money to keep such people away and to do this agents are maintained in such centers as Havre and Antwerp, the latter being the place which requires most watching because from there the largest number attempt to come. Undesirables reach Antwerp from various quarters in Europe and from there take passage, if they can, for Canada. A handicapping policy of immigration is what the government is following. Not only must the immigrant have the amount of cash mentioned, but he must also pass a rigorous medical examination and if he cannot pass this money will not get him in.

There is an exception to the rule of exclusion in the case of bona fide farmers or domestic servants, coming to assured employment, who are required to have only enough funds to take them to their destination. Any one coming to a congested district, or as a mere laborer or workman, must qualify fully.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Secretary Baker is considering the appointment of a National Guard officer for the post of chief of the Military Bureau of the War Department.

Representative Kahn, Republican, California, declared he has every reason to believe Japan has withdrawn her opposition to the California law prohibiting Japanese from owning land in that state.

Intervention in Cuba under authority of the Platt amendment is being considered as a result of the disturbed political and financial conditions existing there, it is said.

Intervention in the affairs of Cuba under authority of the Platt amendment is being seriously considered as a result of the disturbed political and financial conditions existing there, it is said.

Indignant friends of army officers overlooked by the Parshing board which made up the list of eligibles for general staff duty are getting small consolation from Secretary Baker.

Disarmament and a budget of more than \$1,500,000,000 for the naval and military establishments are two propositions that are up for early consideration by Congress.

Lt.-Gov. Channing H. Cox, Governor-elect of Massachusetts became a member of Warren lodge, I. O. O. F., when the third degree was conferred on him in Old Fellows' Hall, Warren street and Walnut avenue, Roxbury, following a banquet at which he was guest

LAW EVASION BY TOBACCO MEN

The Federal Trade Commission
Claims Companies Are Drifting
Back to Forbidden Practices.

EVIDENCE TO ATTY. GENERAL.

Commission Also Makes Recommendations to Prevent Possible Violations of Clayton Act.

Washington.—Some of the companies organized to take over the American Tobacco Company after its dissolution in 1911, under the Anti-Trust laws, according to the Federal Trade Commission, are drifting back into forbidden practices. This was discovered in an investigation of prices paid tobacco growers in 1919, report of which has been submitted to the house of representatives in response to a resolution.

The commission announced that it would give further consideration to possible violations of the Clayton act, and also that at an early date evidence will be made available to the Department of Justice "as to the possible violation of the decree entered in November, 1911, as a result of the dissolution suit."

Two suggestions were made for strengthening the decree, as follows: "That the provision relating to the use of common agencies by the defendant companies in the purchase of leaf tobacco, which expired by limitation November, 1919, be revived and made permanent. That the provision relating to the defendant companies doing business under any other than their own corporate name or that of a subsidiary corporation controlled by them be made specific, so as to include the purchase of leaf tobacco through agencies not disclosed to the trade."

The purchasing methods of large buyers were one of three causes to which the commission attributed declines in prices for the 1919 crop. The other two were the lessening of foreign purchases and contraction of domestic credits and the increase of low grades for domestic absorption due to crop conditions and falling foreign markets. The commission found that prices paid growers for 1919-20 compared favorably with prices for the previous year.

The commission's inquiry found what was described as "violations of the spirit of the decree" and "violations of the decree." Discussing the former it was pointed out that the companies were enjoined for five years, or until November, 1916, from retaining or employing the same agent or agents "for the purchase in the United States of tobacco leaf or other raw material for the sale in the United States of tobacco or other products as that of any other of said corporations."

"In 1919," said the commission, "the American Tobacco Company, the Lorillard Company, the J. G. & J. Myers Tobacco Company, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, the Weyman-Turton Company and the Export Leaf Tobacco Company, a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Company, all purchased on direct order through the Universal Company or its subsidiaries. All of the companies noted above, and, in addition, the George W. Helme Company, purchased tobacco from the Universal Company. In 1918-1919 a large number of instances are cited showing orders through subsidiaries of the Universal."

The commission said that if these transactions had occurred prior to 1916 they would have been in violation of the decree. Attention was directed to the fact that the Universal and International were organized soon after the five-year limitation ended, "also that several officials of the Universal Company were formerly connected with some of the larger interests."

Central Food Markets Recommended.
Washington.—Establishment of central markets for perishable food products in all large cities and the setting up of a federal licensing system applicable to all dealers in such foods at those markets is proposed by the Federal Trade Commission in its annual report to Congress.



For Hair And Skin Health Cuticura Is Supreme

The majority of skin and scalp troubles are caused by the use of toilet soaps. Cuticura is the only toilet soap that is gentle and soothing to the skin. It keeps the skin, scalp, hair and hands clean, sweet and healthy. The Soap, Ointment and Cuticura Toilet Trio are sold everywhere.

Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. 47, Malden, Mass."

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Interest 4 1-2 per cent. per annum

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Deposits made on or before January 15, 1921, commence to draw interest on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY

you notice many young men in the ruts of extravagance. They are struggling hard to get out. An account with the Industrial Trust Company helps to eliminate extravagance, establishes the saving habit and leads to success.

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LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND
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EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IN MADE ON THE PREMISES.

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made at Walter Baker Chocolate Co. Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders

Promptly

Attention to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods

are Fresh

Appetizing

What He Thought About It.

It was a beautiful summer night. My little boy and I sat on the balcony and looked off into space where thousands of tiny points of light hung like jewels. Donald was silent, and as I wondered how the beauty of the scene affected him, I finally inquired: "Of what does it remind you, son?" "Why, it's just like an old tin pan punched full of holes."—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Hazlett's Conversation.

Some admirer of his was astonished to find that his conversation was so ordinary. Could this be the author of "Table Talk"? It was a gentleman who evidently expected Hazlett to speak essays. Enough for him to have to write them. He considered himself off duty when he was not at work on something he had thought of.—Bloddard.

Don't Fool With Dynamite.

Never tell a woman that she carries her age well—and, as you value your life, never tell her that she doesn't.—Boston Transcript.

Unprofitable Reading.

Reading a book through that bores you is profitless occupation. If there is anything in it that ought to be remembered, you forgot it.

The "Seven Seas."

The "seven seas" mean the world and refer to the Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic, Indian, Mediterranean and the North

Proper Ambition.

It is very bad for a man to make himself servant to a thing, his neighborhood all taken out of him by the hydraulic pressure of excessive business. I should not like to be merely a great doctor, a great lawyer, a great minister, a great politician—I should like to be also something of a man.—Theodore Parker.

Save Telegraph Poles.

Of 1,558 telegraph poles in the Montgomery-New Orleans line, which were pressure-treated with a light creosote oil, 1,010 poles were still sound after 16 years, says the American Forestry Magazine. In 91 per cent of the cases of decay, the fungi had entered the wood through checks and shakes.

Sensible Mr. Duhalwa.

"Did you ever come to unexpectedly and find your office boy reclining in your easy chair, with his feet propped up on your desk?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Duhalwa. "And what did you do?" "I registered a mental vow that I would quit setting him a bad example."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Deadly War Weapon.

Among the latest war terrors is a submarine tank, perfected by the French. It is able to crawl along river and lake beds and suddenly appear in the midst of an enemy's open line

CONDENSED CLASSICS

ADAM BEDE

By GEORGE ELIOT

Condensation by Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, Editor of the Atlantic Monthly



George Eliot was the pen name of the famous English writer, Mary Ann (or Marian) Evans. She was born in 1819 at Arbury farm in Warwickshire and died at Chelsea Dec. 2, 1880. Her father, Robert Evans, was the agent of Mr. Francis Newdick, and the big carpenter was in the seventh heaven, Hetty Biful and depressed. For family reasons, the marriage could not be hastened and as the months passed, she determined at any cost to seek out Arthur, whose regiment was at Windsor. Telling her uncle she was going to Snowfield to see Dinah for a little change of scene before her marriage, she started out, ignorant of the country, panic-stricken and forlorn, eager to shun every familiar face, longing only to feel again the protection of her lover's arms.

On Arthur, meanwhile, life seemed again to smile. After rejecting his regiment, his sharpest regrets for Hetty began to lose their sting. Soon he was transferred to their island, and there learned that by his grandfather's death he was lord of the manor. Home he came, fast as chaise and post boy could drive, home to dear old Haylopp sleeping on the hill, where he was to live his life, married to some lovely lady, respected and appreciated by his tenants. A pile of letters awaited him. He opened the first, and with a violent convulsion shaking his whole frame, read the words: Hetty Sorrel is in prison for the crime of child murder.

Clutching the letter, Arthur rushed from the room like a hunted man, and springing to the saddle of a waiting horse, set off at a gallop. That very evening a young woman knocked at the door of the village jail. There was about her a deep concentrated calmness which induced the jailer to grant her request to visit the condemned cell. As the heavy door closed behind her, she hesitated before the pallet bed.

"Hetty, Dinah is come to you." Slowly, very slowly, Hetty rose and was clasped in Dinah's arms. "You won't leave me, Dinah?" "No, Hetty," whispered Dinah. "I'll stay with you to the last. But Hetty, there is someone else in this cell."

"Who?" whispered Hetty, frightened. "Someone who has been with you all your hours of sin and trouble. It makes no difference, Hetty, whether we live or die. We are in the presence of God. Confess the sin you have committed against your Heavenly Father. Let us kneel together. He is here."

There in the silence and darkness, Hetty, who through her trial had set like a stone image, poured forth her pitiful story. "It was because I was so miserable, Dinah, I didn't know where to go. I tried to kill myself, and I couldn't. I went to Windsor to find him. He was gone, and I didn't know what to do. I daredn't go home again. Then the baby was born. . . . I did do it, Dinah. I buried it in the wood—the little baby." "I cried," she heard it all night—and I went back. And then I thought I would go home, and all of a sudden I saw a hole under a nut tree, and it darted over me like lightning. I'd lay the baby there, and cover it with grass and chips. I couldn't cover it quite up, Dinah. I thought somebody'd come and take care of it. Dinah, do you think God will take away that cry and the place in the wood, now that I've told everything?"

"Let us pray, poor sinner," breathed Dinah. "Let us pray to the God of All Mercy."

Comforter and comforted, their prayer was heard. Two days later, in the very shadow of the scaffold, Arthur Donnithorne brought a hard-won reprieve.

Though spared from death, Hetty was sentenced to transportation. Dinah returned to her works of mercy at Snowfield. In remorse and shame, Arthur Donnithorne went back to the army, while Adam Bede, squaring his shoulders to the world, turned again to his workbench.

For him all the joy of life seemed over, and never would he have thought of seeking it again had not his mother dropped into his heart one day the name of Dinah. Long and soberly he thought, and then he went to find her.

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All That, 'n Then Some. After all the question of how much it costs to support an infant is reasonably decided on the basis of how much money is available for the purpose.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Ice Evaporates Rapidly. Ice in the open air evaporates rapidly, even when there is no let-up to the frost. In less than a month it will lose 25 per cent of its weight in this manner.

Headlight for Brooms. An inventor in Maryland has perfected a small electric light to be attached to a broom to light up dark corners when his wife sweeps the floor.—Tribune-Review News.

An Inch of Time

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Music hath power to make the savage." Marcia paraphrased, stabbing viciously the stocking she was darning. The darning was a refuge from the French-horn blating in the top-floor studio, the girls singing "Dearie" off key across the court, and the scintillating photograph of a night below grinding out "Over There" for the third time since dinner.

"Had as well have gone to that silly concert," Marcia went on plaintively. "Still, it's something to have nobody making clumsy love to you. Joe, poor lamb, is a dub at it, but I have to listen—it would be as cruel to hurt him as to strike a baby that smiled at you."

From which it appears Miss Marcia Lane had a conscience, an awkward possession for a born flirt. Marcia loved the game if it were even reasonably well played. Joe Gregory would never, never learn to play it. He was so appallingly honest, so absolutely literal. Marcia loved to think of him as something betwixt a habit and a benefactor—any other way he weighed on her mind. He was as steadfast as thoughtful in rendering friendly services—Marcia writhed under some of them, but could not bring herself to hurt him by refusing them.

The evening was so sultry she had left the outer door on the chain. After a mild rap some one said through the crack of it: "May I come in for five minutes? No longer?"

"Why—I don't know," Marcia faltered, approaching the door. She saw a human segment, tall, well



She Saw a Human Segment.

clothed, clean, part of a chin and cheek, excellently modeled and three-quarters of an eye, full-set underneath a dark line of eyebrows. He stood hat in hand, the hand slightly before him. She did not know him—but he was, somehow, not quite strange. "Please, may I come in?" he repeated huskily, yet with something of a smile.

When Marcia had unbolted the door he came through it and melted into the dusk of the corners, saying still huskily: "Keep time on me, and please remember it well."

Marcia nodded. Suddenly she broke out in her own guarded voice: "Which of us is maddest? You for asking to come in, I for permitting it?" "On the face—honors are easy," he answered, his eyes fast on the watch open in his hand. "But listen—I am your neighbor—you have heard me speak—in behalf of a poor dog—"

"I remember," Marcia broke in eagerly. "I know your name."

"Forget it—please!" he admonished. "Forget also my asking asylum with you—unless you would like to remember that, by granting it, you perhaps have saved my life."

"Will I ever know how?" Marcia asked in almost a whisper. He glanced at her. "It depends," he answered. She stared into the court where still alleged music whined and blatted. She was glad of it now—its discords masked their low talk perfectly. Two minutes more had passed. A sense of noiseless motion made her half turn—to see her caller creeping toward her, so bent he was invisible to other view. "You are not afraid. I should not be here if you were cowardly," he said calmly crouching low at her feet. "I hope it is a long life you are saving with this inch of time you give me. However that may be, it is henceforth at your service."

He did not touch even her garment's hem, but she knew he was quivering all through. Presently he whispered: "You have a right to know my peril is—of my own making—one that manhood forbids me to protect myself from—"

"A woman scorned?" Marcia asked under breath. He nodded. "She waits to kill me inside my door—she has a key. I balked her plan to run away with me. Outside her husband—a gulp over the words—'waits for—both of us—or either.'"

"Let me help you to escape," Marcia said dragging from a closet Joe's khaki dustcoat and deeply veiled Aviator cap. "Put them on—and go—I will snap out the hall light," she said breathlessly. As he obeyed she put up her face to his in the darkness, saying clearly: "Good-by, Joe. I'll surely be ready tomorrow when you come."

She had caught a light step, the merest rustle of garments, as she passed into the hall. The lights there,

again full, showed her a telled and hooded figure rushing impetuously downward. It pushed rudely past the stranger without a glance at him, and was quickly swallowed in tower built depths. Then came a smothered scream, drowned by the loud purring of a powerful car. Marcia recoiled that hers were not street windows; whatever happened she could not see it; shuddering she sank upon a window seat and hid her face in her hands. Body and soul, she was shaken to the depths.

Now for a year she had built up an ideal about the man she had saved, Gordon Ammerly, lawyer, litterateur, society ornament, modestly rich, but ambitious as Lucifer. The type she could love—fate permitting. Now—she flung up her head, rose and shook herself free of something intangible. So he played with women's hearts and men's honor. In a shuddering revulsion she flung doors and windows wide, bathed her burning face, turned out the lights and sat pondering life and things till a low moon told her it was long past midnight.

When next Joe came—to be exact it was next afternoon—she saw him transfigured. He was clean as he was kind—there were no folded-down pages for his wife to discover. Moreover, he loved her so entirely, trusted her with such perfect trust. "I gave away your coat and cap," she said to him, abruptly, to which he only smiled, saying: "It must have been the right thing—or you wouldn't have done it." And although he sensed subtly the change in her, the change that bespoke ordeal, he said nothing of it, but took her to dinner and afterward for a long, lazy wandering through the park. It was the first of many. Marcia found them infinitely restful. She found, too, that Joe had ceased to bore her—that she missed him acutely, longed for his coming, and felt happy in his presence though neither spoke a word.

Thus time's whirling brought to pass the inevitable end—a quiet wedding, a brief honeymoon, then the making of a new and delightful home, big enough for two, that by and by became three. Marcia in her happiness remembered her flight of adventure only now and then, but always thankfully—it had been the turning point. She knew Ammerly was abroad—permanently, said the society gossip. He had sent as a wedding gift a small chest of exquisite silver—thus she knew he too remembered thankfully. "I am trying to make my life worth your having saved it," he wrote in answer to her warm acknowledgment. Still it took her all slack when her second baby came, to find that he watched over her though far away. "I have settled on you my old home, with enough money to live there in comfort. Please do it—it cities are no places for young things which have heredity right to grow up very fine. Knowledge that you and yours are there, safe and happy, is the only thing that can make me sure your inch of time was not spent in vain."

He died a year later. Marcia grieved for him sincerely—but her gratitude to him was not for his benefactions, but for Joe.

China's Clay Cliff Dwellings.

When we speak of houses built of clay in the United States, we mean brick. But along the banks of a certain river in the Yunnan province of China the idea is carried out much more literally, according to the Kansas City Star. There a lofty vertical cliff of clay affords homes rent free for several hundred people. The cliff is a bright yellow, so fine in texture that a bit of it rubbed between the fingers gives no feeling of grit. It is easily dug out with spades, and a great many cave dwellings have been excavated in the face of the cliff overlooking the river. Some of them are two and three stories, the clay being so tenacious that thick horizontal layers of it furnish a series of floors. Nothing at all like these homes is to be seen anywhere else in the world. It is said. Scattered over the face of the cliff among the cave houses, are quaint Buddhist shrines, with images carved out of clay. —New York Sun-Herald.

Temporary Truce.

Tommy was the worst of a lot of very bad boys at the little village school. Every day he worried the life out of his unfortunate teacher.

At last, however, came a day when the teacher thought the ringleader had repented.

"Teacher," he said, "I'm going to be a good boy today."

"I am very glad to hear it," smiled teacher. "But why is that?"

"Well," said Tommy, as if ashamed of his promise, "I don't feel very well today." —London Answers.

One Drop Kills.

Tommy (to aviator)—What is the most deadly poison known?

Aviator—Aviation poison.

Tommy—How much does it take to kill a person?

Aviator—One drop.—Science and Invention.

The Auditor Regrets.

Cholly—There, I've told you that I love you! Isn't that the sweetest story ever told?

Polly—But it's old, boy—old, antique and ancient. And besides, I've heard it told much better.—Buffalo Express.

Public Benefactor Dead.

Adam Duncan, fellow of the Royal Horticultural society, who has just died in England at the age of 89, is said to have been largely responsible for the introduction of the tomato as an edible fruit. The tomato had long been grown for decorative purposes, but Mr. Duncan, by means of hybridization, evolved it from its crinkled, woolly state to the smooth-skinned fruit.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

VAGUE ABOUT "RED" LEADERS

But Young Bolshevik Soldier Had Heard of Trotsky, and Incidentally of Lenin.

I have just had a talk with a Bolshevik soldier, captured by the Poles when he was participating in a bold scouting enterprise. He is a young man twenty-one years old, coming from one of the interior departments of Russia. He is illiterate and a confirmed Bolshevik.

Discipline, he said, was very good in the Bolshevik army; still they did not obey orders because they were orders, but "as a matter of conscience." The military forms of address had been abolished and even the officers were spoken to as comrades. Naturally the soldiers stood at attention before their officers; but that was because every soldier in the army follows the bidding of his conscience and "it would be foolish" not to stand at attention before one's commander.

He had never seen a general or any of the higher officers, but he knew the commander in chief was called Trotsky, and that there was another head man. He pondered a moment trying to recall who the second one was, and then suddenly remembered, "Lenine." He knew nothing more about him, and did not know the names of any other commander.

He kept saying "Everyone on our side is a Bolshevik," and seemed to be impressed with the great power and authority of the Bolsheviks. When asked who Trotsky was he replied, "A very popular Jew." "The Jews are much liked in the army," They never allow themselves to be captured. They hate the Poles so, and the Poles hate them so—and invariably murder them—that they prefer suicide to being made prisoners."—From the Vossische Zeitung (Berlin).

HAS AN IDEA SON WAS RIGHT

Circumstances Brought Wife of United States Senator to Acquiescence in Youth's Philosophy.

Senator Miles Polindexter, of the state of Washington, used to live on a ranch.

One hot day he was in the garden weeding onions, when Mrs. Polindexter came across her eleven-year-old son Gale comfortably ensconced on the front porch enjoying the cool shade and a good book.

"Why, Gale?" she cried, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to sit here and read while your poor father is out there working in all that heat? Go and help him this minute!"

"Aw, mother," protested Gale, "I can't be bothered with weeding onions. Besides, I've got an engagement to go swimming at 11 o'clock."

About an hour later Mrs. Polindexter heard a low whistle from the onion patch, and before she could take in its significance father and son had disappeared down the hill in the direction of the swimming hole.

In telling the story Mrs. Polindexter said: "I don't know but what Gale's philosophy was the best. Today as a young naval officer he is sailing the high seas; while his father—well, his father is still weeding onions!"

Valuable Counterfeit.

A strange counterfeit turned up at a Washington bank recently—queer because it was a bogus \$5 gold coin and worth about eight times as much as the genuine because it is made of platinum.

The spurious coin was made about fifty years ago and bears the date of 1800. "Musty" archives of the secret service contain a record of the species and the case is marked "closed." The coins were made in Maine and came to the notice of the Treasury department when the scion of a wealthy family took a quantity of them from a safety deposit box containing heirlooms and put them in circulation. All known specimens were confiscated by the secret service and it was not known until now that others were still in circulation.

Great Baby Shrinkage.

Doctor Johnson's dictum that "births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people" looks rather like a wide shot in the presence of a row of figures just published by the Cambridge University Press. These figures occur in the report of a paper read by Mr. G. J. J. Yule, M. A., at the university, and they show that in England and Wales the annual birth rate per thousand has been halved in the last 40 years. In the light of this comparison the present baby boom in London leaves us still far behind our grandfathers in the art of stretching the population. In the world-competition for posterity Serbia stands first and Australia last, with England last but one.—Montreal Herald.

The Average Hair Crop.

The Bible tells us that the hairs of our head are numbered, but it does not tell us even the approximate number to a square inch.

But some one has figured this out for us. He counted the hairs in a square inch on many heads.

On the average head there are a thousand hairs to each square inch. Find out the number of square inches in your scalp and you will soon know the approximate number of hairs on it.

We are also told that four hairs will suspend a one-pound weight. Therefore an average head of hair should be able to support the combined weight of two hundred people. Don't try it.—Popular Science Monthly.

Gratitude.

A clerk employed behind the counter at a post office in the south of England recently rescued a young girl from drowning. In order to show their appreciation of the young man's bravery, local residents have now decided to purchase their stamps at his post office.—London Punch.

"HOSS" TALK WON

When Brave Men Forgot Bitterness of Civil War.

Chivalrous "Red" and Captured "Yank" Lived to Shake Hands at Close of the Strife.

Capt. W. S. Tough was one of the outstanding—I might almost say romantic—characters of those stirring times, since the story of his life would make fiction tame, writes Frank B. Hastings in the Breeder's Gazette. He stood over six feet, built in proportion, a born horseman and a dour shot. He was in the secret service of the government during the Civil war and a United States marshal immediately following, when the reaction from war and the great slow westward brought him into action with outlaws and bad men generally. He became one of the famous peace officers of the border through his cool, picturesque courage. I saw much of him as a boy on his breeding farm near to my father's, and later (in 1880) in Denver, where he owned a horse sale barn, making a specialty of single and team founders, much in demand at that time. I was lonely, and he invited me to spend my spare time exercising his horses on the Denver speedway, under instructions not to let anything pass me. He had a genius for mating teams with striking effects, producing matched, mismatched, showy gait and nobby turnouts. All his drivers dressed the part. When he drove himself—and he often drove—it was worth going to see. He was the best driver I have ever known. Often when we spent the evening in his office he would grow reminiscent. I recall one of his stories.

In the war he was on secret service on some important mission to Missouri, near Bee Creek. He was captured by a band of guerrillas. It was nearly dusk when they reached camp. He was turned over to a drunken court-martial. The trial lasted a few minutes; the verdict was "Spy; penalty, death." Turning to him, the leader said: "Yank, would you rather be shot before or after supper?" to which the captain replied, "I always did think a lot of my belly," adding, "Say, 'Red,' that don't boss of yours is the best I ever saw. Suppose you make it sunrise; I'd like to die looking at him." "All right," said the "Red," "come and eat." At supper the talk drifted onto horses, and the quality of the Missouri horse, then, as now, their pride. "Red," said the captain, "if you ever miss that don't boss you can just figure my spirit has got astride and gone with him."

They tied the captain to a log, with the "Red" on guard; the fire burned down to the fatal glimmer of coals through ashes, and he fell asleep, awakening to find his hands and feet free, and the sentry nodding over the snoring fire. He crawled behind a bush, took off his shoes, carrying them in his hand, and made his getaway. Ten minutes later a shot rang out in the woods, followed shortly by more shots. When morning came he hid for that day. The next morning found him at the Missouri river, which he swam to the Kansas side. After the war the captain hunted up the "Red," gave him a mighty good horse, and a big boot, for the "don't boss." "Yank," said "Red," "that hoss talk of yours did the work; I thought it was a shame to shoot a lad who loved a hoss like you did, and after all, you was only doing your duty." As he ended his story, the captain said, "They call me 'nutty' about a horse, but every time I look at my wife and babies I think, after all, a hoss gave them to me, and next to them, a hoss comes first."

Killing Weeds With Paper.

The apparent success of the Bekart process in cultivating sugar cane has been the subject of much discussion, according to the Tech Engineering News, since experiments on large areas have indicated that the cost of growing the cane can be reduced from 50 to 70 per cent and the crop increased by ten tons an acre, which is equivalent to one ton of raw sugar. After the field has been planted it is covered with a peculiar asphalt paper that will withstand six weeks of weather and that at the same time is soft enough to allow the sharp growing points of the sugar cane to break through. The cane grows more vigorously and the weed seeds sprout at once, but the weeds are quickly blighted and withered by the black covering. The paper is made by cooking pulp for 12 hours with lime under pressure and then after a few days running it out on the paper machine and treating it with asphalt.

Singular Custom.

It is a custom in Dorsetshire, England, and other parts of Great Britain, among women workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short-shanked hoes, to lie down with their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed.

Burton, in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's back, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed." This custom is called "Jog-aj" in Africa; in England it is "straightening the back."

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DID YOU?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of mine.
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was down-cast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
The work he was doing, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Do you know what it means to be losing the light,
When a lift just in time might set every-thing right?
Do you know what it means—just a clasp of a hand,
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip?
Why the half-suppressed sob, and the swelling tears drip?
Were you brother of his when the time came of need?
Did you offer to help him or didn't you heed?

"HEAD BUCKET" NOW RELIC

Gruesome Article Passed With the Passing of the Feudal System Among the Japanese.

One of the most grim articles of household furniture known to man in the kubluka, or head bucket of the Japanese of the old days. The bucket was a part of the furnishings of the samurai, or fighting man in court circles, and was kept by him in a high, narrow closet with sliding doors close to an alcove, considered the place of honor of a samurai's home. When the head of the house, offended by his lord there was no bother of a trial or an arrest. Instead there came a very polite note from the court, which stated the lord was sure that the samurai would return the noble honor of his family. The messenger took back a note as polite as the one brought, in which the writer thanked his lord for his honorable generosity.

He then shaved, bathed, donned a white robe, and committed harakari by falling on his sword. His head was taken off and placed in the kubluka, wrapped in white paper, and a napkin bearing his crest was placed over it. A messenger then took the bucket to the court, where the head was exhibited and identified and then returned to the family with a polite note of regret.

The head-bucket now is merely a decorative bit as little used as the spinning wheel of our own parlor.



AN EXCESS OF CAUTION
The Cruel Stepmother: Why didn't you try on that crystal slipper when Prince Charming had it here? You might have worn it.

The Haughty Sister: Why ma, I thought sure, he was a plain clothes man running down a clue and I didn't know what he might be trying to put over on me.

"Snow-Burnt" Rails Dangerous.
A curious cause of railway accidents is brought out in a United States Interstate commerce commission report on the derailment of a passenger train. The derailment was caused by the breaking of opposite rails which had been "snow-burnt," this condition apparently resulting from the friction of an engine's wheels slipping on account of being stalled in the snow. The report states that "the means of distinguishing between safe and unsafe rails of this type unfortunately has not been made known as yet. These 'snow-burnt' rails are somewhat common."

Movies the Biggest Industry.
The motion picture business now tops the list of California industries, according to a booklet just published by a Los Angeles bank. With more than \$150,000,000 invested this industry is nearly twice the size of its nearest competitor, oil, with \$97,000,000.

Expenditures in California last year by the motion picture industry were more than \$120,000,000, and were confined almost exclusively to Los Angeles and vicinity. San Francisco has attracted little attention in this line as yet, though one concern is now preparing to locate at San Mateo.

Stimulants Affect Plants.
By a wonderful self-recording device Sir J. C. Bose has found that plants have the bad habit of never going to sleep until morning—at least in India. Plants grow on an average one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch in a second. He found, for instance, that some substances supposed to be poisonous to plants, if administered in small doses stimulated growth. All plants seem to like stimulants, said Sir J. C. Bose; in fact he goes considerably distant toward altogether taking away their characters.

Scrap Book

INDIANS HAVE LAST LAUGH

Deliberately Placed by Whites on Arid Territories, They Have Found Them a Golconda.

About the funniest joke on white man's avarice that ever happened is the wealth of the present day American Indian tribes. No one ever intended that they should be wealthy. Far from it.

They were dispossessed of their rich lands in Iowa and Illinois and other states and sent out to what was then believed to be a godforsaken desert, where no white man would ever or could ever live. No white American, wanting it, thus was the proper place for the red American.

As a result of this high-minded and far-seeing policy the Indians are today, as a number of tribes, the richest people on earth.

The little old Oklahoma desert that was so nearly worthless that the white men have all agreed the red brother might have it has blossomed out into wealth. Upstairs it grows cotton and corn and from the basement comes coal and fat black oil.

The Indians, altogether, own land covering as large an area as the states of Virginia and Kentucky, with all New England thrown in. The surface value of these lands is placed at \$600,000,000.

Adding in the coal, oil, timber, herds and other property, we have a set of aboriginals worth collectively \$900,000,000. There being but 300,000 of them, this makes it Rich Lo in place of Poor Lo.—Utica Globe.

BUSINESS HAS 'GROWN SOME'

Carpet Bags Carried the First Consignments Trusted to the Original Express Companies.

The express companies, employing thousands of men, and whose physical properties are worth many millions, came into being because a Boston ticket agent took a vacation. In 1830 William F. Hurd, the ticket agent, took a short "lay off," and went to New York to see James W. Hale, an employee of the New York News Company. On the way down he noted various persons carrying bundles, and some were of a sort that manifestly were not for the carriers. On reaching New York he suggested to Hale that they establish an "errand" line—that is the two of them advertise in Boston and New York papers that they would, for a consideration, do errands in each town for those who had business of this sort to attend to, but not time to do it in.

The idea was put into effect, and for several months two carpet bags carried the express business of the world. Public confidence was established by this time, and two messengers were added. After that the business grew by leaps and bounds, and a year later Alvin Adams, who had opened a rival line, consolidated the two under the title of "The Adams Express company."

Carrots as "Rounders"

Intoxicated carrots are probably new only to human science. Carrots may have been confirmed tipping ingredients for centuries. At least Sir J. C. Bose, founder of a botanical institution in Calcutta, has only of late found out their drinking propensities. At the Cardiff meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science he was explaining his new apparatus for making plants record their own movements. Many plants he had discovered respond quickly to stimulants, and act very much as men do under their influence. He showed how a carrot got intoxicated when alcohol was put on it. Its records grew erratic. The mark it made went right off the straight line. A plant will also become unconscious under ether or chloroform, and recover slowly and gradually.



THE PRICE OF SAFETY
"What makes so many people put a mortgage on their homes to buy an automobile?"
"Well, in these days it's worth something to avoid the risks of being a pedestrian."

Surprise for Pussy.

In Sussex, N. J., the other day a farm cat made the mistake of setting out to catch a guinea-fowl rooster. The bird assumed the offensive and went for the cat so vigorously that in a few minutes it was knocked out and killed.

The Result.

"What does Bill do now that he can no longer drown his sorrows in drink?"
"Oh, he is coming along swimmingly."

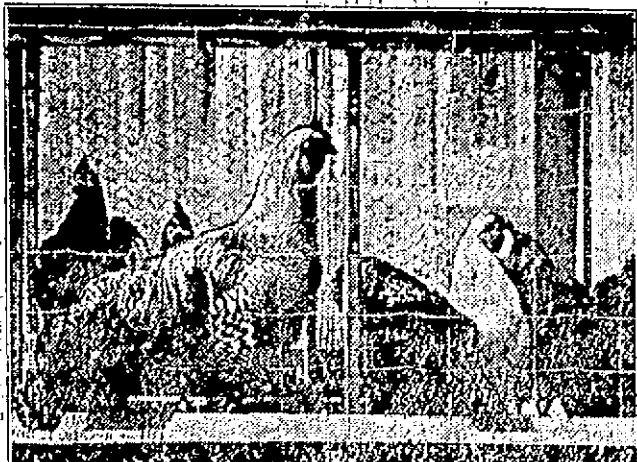
Went at It Wrong.

"Mrs. Filmding has abandoned uplift work."
"Couldn't she uplift anything?"
"Nothing but her patrician eyebrows."

Allie Explained.

Asked if he knew the meaning of an alibi a colored man replied: "Yes, sah; it's one of dem times when you prove you was at de lodge whar you want to prove you wasn't at de crap game whar you was."—New Haven Register.

METHODS OF FATTENING POULTRY AS MARKETING TIME APPROACHES



In Crate, Fattening Little Room for Exercise Is Given the Fowl.

Until late summer or early fall the majority of poultry raisers make little effort to fatten their birds. Up to this time the flocks are usually left on free range and their gains are more of growth in size than flesh. In September, however, the wise, among those who raise birds to dispose of, confine the surplus of their flocks and put them on a fattening ration.

Three methods of fattening poultry are practiced in this country—pen fattening, crate fattening, and machine fattening. The first two are the most common today, poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture say, while the third is used in a few places where high quality is appreciated.

Pen Fattening.

Pen fattening is practiced by many people who do not have the time or inclination to use other methods. The pen is a simple affair, usually three or four feet long, and the birds are kept in flocks of 15 or 20, but the sexes should be separated. Only cockerels are usually fattened, as it pays to keep the pullets for laying.

In crate fattening a few fowls are confined in crates and fed from a trough. A crate six feet long, 18 inches high, and 18 or 20 inches wide is suitable and is large enough for a dozen birds. Sometimes such a crate is divided into two or three compartments, with four to six birds in each compartment. Only a little room for the birds to move about is desirable, for the less exercise a bird obtains the more readily it fattens. The top, back and ends of the crates should be solid if they are to be placed outdoors, but

if they are to be in a building they may be built of lath or wire. These slats should be two inches apart in front, so as to permit the birds to eat from the troughs, which are hung just outside the coop. The slats of the bottom of the coop should be about one inch apart to permit the droppings to fall through.

Indoor Feeding.

In indoor feeding the crates are placed in rows to save space and arranged to allow for convenience in feeding and to give the chickens good ventilation. They are usually fed three times a day and are permitted to eat for half an hour at a time, when the uneaten feed is removed. The chickens should be given a heavier feed at night than in the morning or at noon.

For the highest quality a machine is essential, especially for the last ten days; otherwise the birds will not eat nearly so much as they can digest and assimilate. The labor involved by this method makes the cost rather excessive in this country. In this method the bird is held between the arm and the side of the operator and the machine, which consists of a reservoir and small force pump, is operated by a lever worked by the foot. The head of the chicken is grasped in the left hand and the rubber tube gently inserted until it reaches the crop, the neck being elongated as much as possible. The lever bar is lowered by the foot and the food is thus forced into the crop. When the crop is sufficiently full the tube is removed. Any chickens having feed in their crops at the next feeding period are not given any fresh feed.

ANALYSIS WILL AID OPERATION OF FARM

Strong and Weak Points More Readily Brought Out.

Method Given in New Bulletin Just Published by Department of Agriculture Will Assist Farmer in Working Plans.

A method of analyzing the farm business to determine the investment, receipts, expenses and profits is given in a bulletin which has just been published by the United States department of agriculture.

It also includes blanks for use in making such an analysis and recording the amount and value of farm products contributed toward the family living. Its purpose is to assist farmers in a better understanding of the financial side of their business. Thousands of farms have been studied by this method within the past few years, with the object of analyzing their operations from a business standpoint and learning some of the more important reasons for their success or failure. Experience shows that it is not always possible to distinguish profitable farms merely by casual observation. Where a farm is operated as a large business, if free from debt, even a low rate of interest on the capital invested without any wages for the operator may return sufficient funds to give the place a prosperous appearance. In other cases an appearance of prosperity may be due quite largely to income from outside sources. A farm cannot properly be called successful unless it pays a fair rate of interest on the investment, returns fair wages for the farmer's labor, and, at the same time, maintains or increases the fertility of the soil.

Most farmers have the details of their business sufficiently well in mind for the purposes of analysis, but they are not always able to summarize these details into a concrete statement. They realize that the gain from a large business should be more than from a small one, that good crops are more profitable than poor ones, and that good crops are more desirable than those that barely pay for harvesting. Their main difficulty has been that they have had no convenient way of determining just how good or how poor the business really was, in other words, no way of measuring its efficiency. With such an analysis as outlined herein, a farmer can more readily find the strong and weak points in his system of management and thus make changes with some assurance that they will result in greater profits.

Agricultural teachers, county agents

Oldest Thing on Earth.

The big dinosaur now being uncovered at Steepleville, Alberta, has certainly been lying in the rock since Noah's flood, possibly for many centuries longer. It would take the food of twenty cows at least to winter him, were he living today.

and other extension workers, as well as farmers, will find the blanks useful in this form of analysis helpful. Teachers may give copies to their scholars for use in making records of their home farms. These records may then be summarized and furnish information to both teacher and scholars concerning economic phases of the local agriculture. Groups of farmers assembled for a discussion of the economic side of their business may find the blanks outlined in this bulletin of value, as arrangements can be made so that each farmer can be furnished a copy to figure his own farm profits. Later meetings may be devoted to a discussion of the results. Work of this kind will help reveal the true status of the local agriculture and show some of the problems confronting the farmers. With the blanks properly filled, the information should be helpful in solving many problems of farm management.

The blanks may also be filled in by the individual farmer and sent to the State Agricultural college or to the United States department of agriculture for suggestions as to improvements in his system of management. When these data are obtained for farms where no accounts are kept, some of the items to be recorded may appear to be estimates, but experience in studies of this nature has shown that farmers can give most of the details of their business if the questions asked correspond to the terms in which they think. A farmer may not know, offhand, what his total farm income is, but he does know with considerable accuracy the facts necessary to determine this income. It is important to bear in mind that the final results in the analysis of the farm business are determined mainly by a few large items which the farmer knows quite accurately.

Persons interested in looking into this subject further should write to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, for Farmers' Bulletin 1139, "A Method of Analyzing the Farm Business," copies of which will be sent free on request.

POULTRY NOTES

Cleanliness is an enemy of disease.

Chickens sometimes have tuberculosis.

Bolled oats make a good ration and a desirable change occasionally.

Feed fowls well but better have them a little hungry than overfat.

A man is not known by the eggs he sets but by the chicks he raises.

There is no question but that capons when compared to cockerels of the same age show up to advantage.

Gloom Thought for Pessimists.

Life is full of uncertainties, even for people who expect the worst.—Boston Transcript.

More Advice.

If you think you are bright, keep it dark.—Boston Evening Transcript.

HIGH COLLAR ON THE STYLE LIST

Neck Decoration May Top Vest, Muffle Throat and Fasten In the Back.

WIDER SLEEVES IN EVIDENCE

Loose and Flowing Armcoverings Are Popular; Bell-Shaped Three-Quarter Length Is Very Much Liked.

The collar is the most striking point of difference between the suits of last year and those of this winter. As far as the cut of the suits themselves is concerned, writes a fashion correspondent, there is so much latitude that it is difficult to pin one's faith to any type. The straightline coat may be said to be the most popular. Any number of short box coats are seen. These find popularity with the younger set.

Perhaps the reason for the longer straightline coat taking precedence over all others is that it was brought out earlier in the season and might be termed a style now in full swing. While the box coat is not an absolutely new thing—having made its debut some time ago—it recently has been exploited to a considerable extent by some of the best French and American houses. Mine, Jenny, for one, makes much of the very short box coat. A few ripple coats are seen, but these are in the minority.

Collars are high. The chief requisite of a collar is that it must be high. It may top a vest, muffle the throat and fasten in the back, or it may take its inspiration from the d'ecollete and flare in the back and at the sides. Although many are cut in V shape at the front to give freedom, they still come well up about the head and ears. Whereas the high collars seen on coats in winters recently passed buttoned up about the neck in some way, this year they often are open in front. High collars of fur are shown across the front, while the back of the collar may be of cloth.

Coats Uneven of Hem.

The unevenness of the bottoms of coats is a noteworthy feature. In this they follow the lead of dresses, which are as uneven at the hems as can be. A suit recently seen is an example of the unevenness of the bottoms of both coat and skirt. The model is from Marjot et Armand. The jackets of suits shown by this house are of all lengths, from the short little boxlike jackets to those reaching almost to the hem of the skirt.

Navy blue velours de laine is used for this suit, and the pointed edge panels, which extend below the edge of both jacket and skirt, are embroidered in gray. The gray embroidery also appears on the narrow cuff bands. The one-button closing is extensively used by this firm as a fastening for suit jackets. The vest and high collar are of squirrel. The skirt is short and narrow.

Wider sleeves are in evidence. Ever so many are loose and flowing. The bell-shaped three-quarters length is very much liked. The long, straight, full coat sleeves, with deep embroideries, which were so much a feature of last season's collections, still are seen.

Billoz, who is noted for his beautiful suits, makes jackets which are straight, loosely belted and of medium length.



An Attractive Suit of Black Velours de Laine Trimmed With Gray Astrachan.

diem length, loosely belted with a two-inch belt, which is twisted and passes across the center front, where it buttons. The ends of the belt, which widen gradually to about eight inches, fall to the bottom of the skirt. The skirt is embroidered all over with enormous taupe plush roses. These roses reappear on the jacket at the hips and on the collar.

Tight Skirts, Coat to Knees.

Another interesting idea is the making of a belt, six inches in width, which folds over the center front in one piece with the back panel of the jacket.

Still another suit of blue serge shows a very tight skirt and knee-

length coat, which is tremendously full in the skirt. This fullness is let in at the hips and held out at the hem by means of bands and ruching of the serge. The high collar is made of an immense serge ruche.

Bullock's collars are of exaggerated height on both dresses and suits. Soft fur collars on suits come literally above the nose, so that the eyes just peep over the edge.

A model of interest shows a cord lacing at the back from the top of the high collar to the waistline, where it ties in a bow with streamers.

No special note has been made of the materials used in suits, because there is nothing strikingly new in them. We have previously noted the use of broadcloth and other old-fashioned, smooth-finished cloths. Of course, there is any amount of velours



Suit Developed in Gray Velours de Laine With Sealskin Collar and Cuffs.

de laine and duvetyn, with the chevrons and striped woens for the more strictly tailored suits.

Colors are rather somber. Black, brown and gray are in the lead. With the use of gray for suit, seal has become even more popular, because it makes such a beautiful contrast to the soft gray cloth, as well as following the vogue for gray and black.

Bullock has successfully launched some splendid coats made of cloth, with fur trimming, notably in combinations of gray velours de laine and seal skin fur.

Big Collars of White Skunk.

Many brown furs, which are very beautiful in themselves, could not be considered for use with gray. White furs are used in connection with black cloth. White skunk is used in the form of enormous collars and cuffs worked in vertical lines on beautifully braided evening coats.

The different feelings toward the use of trimming, as evinced by the different dressmakers, is interesting. Some use it sparingly, and others lavishly. Those who favor its extensive use employ it in the form of large collars and cuffs, and for both deep bands and narrow edgings.

Cheruit is one great designer who favors fur. Callot, another authority, uses it sparingly. So we may please ourselves as to whether we shall wear fur or not and also consult our pocketbooks.

Cheruit shows day coats of loose, straight cut, as well as short box coats, and makes capes trimmed with wide bands of fur to be worn over the short box coats.

Both short and long-haired fur pelts are used by this maker, such as seal, squirrel, red Australian opossum, goat, dyed gray and monkey fur.

Lanvin is one who, although she may be said to be using less fur than formerly, is showing some short capes of monkey fur. When she uses fur as a trimming, preference is given to sheared lamb, although a few models are trimmed with monkey fur. The latter, no longer a novelty, is much cheaper this year.

Trimming Has Color.

As a trimming to take the place of fur there is applique embroidery in vivid colors. These bright colors, which occasionally appear in the form of trimmings on suits, may be accounted for by the dullness of so many dark street costumes. Many women like some brightness in their street clothes and soon weary of so many dark costumes.

An interesting embroidery is seen in the combination of alternating rows of steel beads and steel thread. Ever so many of the hand-embroidered trimming bands start from under the arm and extend to the hem of the coat or dress.

Straightline quilting again is appearing on coats, suits and dresses. A feature of one firm this season is huge embroidered disks or the same effect obtained through an applique of cloth. Often they are placed straight across the back of the garment from shoulder to shoulder, a novel treatment which cannot be said to be entirely satisfactory from the standpoint of becomingness.

Afraid of the Classics.

A farce comedy recently opened in New York with the title "The Merchant of Venus." The critics praised it and it was apparently destined for a long run, but despite the fact it was in the smallest theater in town very small audiences came. The manager discovered that people thought it was a burlesque of a Shakespearean play. He changed the name to "Because of Helen" and the theater was filled every night thereafter.—Atlanta Constitution.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

